Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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"THE FREEDOM OF THE STRAITS"

BY ALFRED L. P. DENNIS

THE conference on the Near East has a full docket; in close connection with its decisions is the question as to the use of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Is the United States Navy to be barred from the Straits and the Black Sea? Will precedents which may be created at Lausanne affect American interest in the fortification of the Panama Canal? Such possibilities are involved in the deliberations at which our Government is an interested observer.

"The freedom of the Straits" has a simple attractive sound as though it were a victorious slogan of long pent liberty. In fact it is a term encrusted with historical importance and mouldy with international intrigue. Today, in spite of wars and of treaties, the problem of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles remains pregnant with trouble. Its solution is endangered by the variety of the issues at stake and by the venom of traditional rivalries. The blood shed by the thousands on thousands who died at Gallipoli did not wash the way clear to a just and peaceable settlement in the Near East. The result is that four years after the Armistice a definitive arrangement is only just emerging. Unless that settlement is based on sound international principles and with proper regard to the true interests of separate nations, both weak and strong, the peace of the world will remain in danger. Our American interest in the settlement is therefore clear and

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natural. Indeed the authorities at Washington have already spoken. Secretary Hughes has stated that—

> the American Government is gratified to observe that the proposal of the three Allied Governments seeks to insure effectively "the liberty of the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora, and the Bosphorus". . . . This Government also trusts that suitable arrangements may be agreed upon in the interest of peace to preserve the freedom of the Straits pending the conference to conclude a final treaty of peace between Turkey, Greece, and the Allies.

This recent official expression is in line with a statement made by the Secretary of State in 1868 to the Russian Minister in Washington. Mr. Seward then said that the United States was "in principle and by habit favorable to the largest freedom of navigation and commerce compatible with the rights of individual nations" and that we would "favor the removal of the restrictions upon the navigation of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles within the limits of international law". Thus the American Government in observing the restrictive arrangements which have been adopted from time to time by foreign Powers with regard to the navigation of the Straits has recognized these regulations merely as of "usage" and not as a "right under the law of nations". In this respect therefore, the policy of the United States has been in contrast to that followed by Turkey and by the great European Powers in time past. If, in connection with the peace conference summoned to settle the affairs of the Near East, the "freedom of the Straits" should be secured by general international agreement, the result would be clearly in accord with our historical national policy with regard to natural waterways which are of international importance.

Such a result, however, will not be achieved without severe scrutiny of lines of national interest as well as of principles of international law. The geographical location and the historical importance of the Straits give to any arrangements regarding the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles world wide political and economic significance. The interests which are involved in the solution of the problem of the Straits are entangled with the rootages of peace and war for all the world.

The Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, linking the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmora, and the Mediterranean have sometimes been

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loosely called the "Canal of Constantinople". That term, though geographically incorrect, gives clue to the historical issues which cluster about this international and imperial waterway. This narrow passage has not been an ancient boundary between Europe and Asia. Instead it has been one of the chief routes of communication, a maritime highway not only between nations but between entire continents and civilizations. Where Jason and his Argonauts once sailed in search of the Golden Fleece (perhaps as pioneers of the Angora wool trade), now, with the return of order, modern argosies of grain and oil and metalled wealth may renew the healthy life of commerce. The terms for such traffic and the national and naval interests which surround them are vital in themselves. They are made much more difficult by the historical as well as the actual importance of Constantinople, which is both an imperial capital and a port of call.

Time and again both diplomats and admirals have had to face the practical question as to whether the rulers of Constantinople by virtue of their situation were to control an international maritime route of immense commercial and strategic importance. The decay of Turkish power has only added to the difficulty of the successive decisions. At Constantinople thronged the interests of the great European Powers, jostling each other and also the claims of the tenacious Turk. As the Sultan became less powerful the threat of opposing Western policies became greater, till in the World War the control of the Straits became one of the supreme issues of victory or defeat. If the Allies had forced the passage of the Dardanelles in 1915 it is probable that the war would have ended in 1916. With what result to Russia and to the Near East, only the gods know.

The Turks took up a persistent and calculated position in the days of their military power. Early in the eighteenth century they continued to deny to the commercial vessels of all other nations access to the Black Sea which they officially described as a "chaste and pure virgin inaccessible to everybody". Two hundred years ago Constantinople was a citadel, the implacable guardian of the Straits; today that ancient city is a junction of great lines of communication. The traffic rules have become international agreements and for that reason much more difficult

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to determine. Such a development explains the character and scope of the present problem. It is the significant story of the gradual victory of the claims for a *mare liberum* as against a *mare clausum*, the successful progress of international coöperation for freedom of navigation on the high seas as against the arbitrary monopoly of commerce in waters where territorial claims were dominant.

In the sixteenth century the Mediterranean had been practically a Mohammedan lake. Indeed the Barbary pirates still took their toll till early in the last century. The decrease of Ottoman naval power during the seventeenth century did not, however, affect Turkish control of the Straits or of the Black Sea. British and Dutch merchants wishing to trade with Black Sea ports were grudgingly admitted to Constantinople, there to transfer their goods from Christian ships to vessels flying the Turkish flag. These alone could complete the traffic on waters which were then exclusively Turkish.

This naval and commerical monopoly remained secure even after Peter the Great had led his armies southward to the capture of Azov in 1696. The Czar tried in vain to use his new harbor for the development of Russian commerce. The Turks were obstinate and vigorously maintained their legal claims with the comment that "when foreign ships gain the right to navigate freely in the Black Sea the end of the Ottoman Empire will have rung". Russian merchant ships could not sail to Constantinople; they must tranship their cargoes to Turkish bottoms at the entrance of the Sea of Azov. Likewise Austrian goods coming down the Danube must be transferred to Turkish vessels. By treaty in 1739 this superiority of Turkish claims extended to the destruction of the Russian forts at Azov and to the prohibition of the construction or maintenance of a Russian fleet in these waters.

This situation became intolerable as the economic development of southern Russia rapidly advanced. Under Catherine II a more aggressive policy sent a Russian squadron for the first time past Gibraltar in 1770 to attempt the blockade of the Dardanelles. Here the protests of neutrals helped to weaken this bold attempt to coerce the Turks; but four years later by the famous

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treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardji the Russians invaded the Turkish monopoly. In the course of four short hours of diplomatic conference the Turks gave up the claims of three centuries. The Black Sea was opened to Russian merchant vessels of a stipulated size. The Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, as well, were to be opened by application of the most favored nation clause. The Straits and the Black Sea remained closed to warships in peace as well as in war and commercial vessels could of course operate only in accordance with Turkish regulations. But the commercial monopoly was broken and a new stage had been reached.

With the period of the Napoleonic wars came the more dangerous problem of the navigation of the Straits by warships. As long as the Turks remained an active fighting force it was unlikely that the Straits could be successfully forced and held. Since the date of its foundation in 326 Constantinople had been captured only twice. But with the gradual decay of the military strength of the Sultans the safety of Constantinople came to depend less and less on its natural position and on the efficiency of its Mohammedan defenders. Instead, the jealousies and rivalries of Christian Europe became its chief guarantee. Constantinople could be captured only in the course of a general war. In such a struggle the Turks could count on the support of one of the European national groups. Thus the Ottoman Empire survived because it became a necessary pawn in the great European political combinations of the nineteenth century. A similar condition is primarily responsible today for the opportunity which has been given to Kemal Pasha to lead a renascent Turkey back to strategic power.

The immediate effect of this general state of affairs became plain at the time of Napoleon's expedition to Egypt. England and Russia united with the Sultan to oppose the French. Thus the passage of Russian men-of-war through the Straits to the Mediterranean with the assent of Turkey invaded the policy which had long forbidden all foreign naval vessels to use the channel even in time of peace. This practice, which continued for several years, was later to be cited as a precedent. Nevertheless the Russian Government was careful to preserve this privilege only for its own advantage. Turkish sovereignty over the

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Straits remained and they were closed to the warships of other countries against whom Russia and Turkey were to unite to oppose the invasion of the Straits and of the Black Sea.

In spite of intrigue by the French this Russian-Turkish agreement lasted till 1806. Meanwhile both English and French commercial vessels won the right of navigation in the Black Sea. The Porte had, however, become thoroughly alarmed at the danger of intervention by foreign navies and in 1809 by the Treaty of the Dardanelles secured acceptance by Great Britain of the "ancient rule of the Ottoman Empire" that all foreign warships were barred from "the Canal of Constantinople".

For twenty years and more the principle of free navigation by merchant vessels was repeatedly confirmed in many treaties but only as a privilege granted by Turkey to friendly countries. Thus it was agreed by Article VII of the treaty of 1830 between the United States and Turkey that "merchant vessels of the United States in like manner as the vessels of the most favored nation" should "have liberty to pass the canal of the imperial residence and go and come in the Black Sea either laden or in ballast." From the fact that no mention was made of warships in this treaty it has been argued that America had also accepted the "ancient rule of the Ottoman Empire". This, however, is not the fact. We have thought it expedient to acquiesce in the exclusion of our warships but we have never abandoned the right to their passage. Thus Mr. Hamilton Fish when Secretary of State wrote in 1871:

> The Black Sea, like the Baltic, is a vast expanse of waters which wash the shores not alone of Turkish territory, but of those of another great Power who may, in times of peace at least, expect visits from men-of-war of friendly states. It seems unfair that any such claim as that of Turkey should be set up as a bar to such an intercourse, or that the privilege should in any way be subject to her suffrance.

Again in 1873 he wrote to Mr. Boker, our Minister at Constantinople:

> The abstract right of the Turkish Government to obstruct the navigation of the Dardanelles even to vessels of war in time of peace is a serious question. . . . A proper occasion may arise for us to dispute the applicability of the claim to the United States men-of-war.

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We have not pressed this claim and have submitted to Turkish practice in the matter; but in contrast to other nations the United States has never agreed by treaty to the limitation of our right to send our warships through the "Canal of Constantinople" or into the Black Sea.

The story of European experience in this matter now falls into four distinct stages. The history of the Eastern Question during the decade prior to 1841 had been stormy. The Porte had at times almost submitted to a Russian protectorate and had agreed to Russian naval protection for Constantinople. Such predominance by Russia had roused the jealousy of other European Powers. Great Britain in particular now urged a general international agreement with regard to the Straits to nullify the special position which had been asserted by Russia. The Convention of the Dardanelles was, therefore, signed at London in 1841 by Great Britain, Austria, France, Prussia, Russia and Turkey. The "ancient rule of the Ottoman Empire" was confirmed and the Porte promised to exclude warships of all foreign navies from both the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles so long as Turkey was at peace. Thus the principle of Turkish sovereignty in such matters was transferred to an international basis.

A second stage was reached with the approach of the Crimean War in 1853. The whole system of the convention of 1841 broke down, for the French and British Governments decided to send fleets to Constantinople. To the protests of Russia England merely replied that her fleet was for the protection of British subjects. The outbreak of war between Turkey and Russia automatically suspended the closing of the Dardanelles by international agreement; and the alliance of the Porte with England and France, and later with Sardinia opened the Straits to war vessels of these states until the Treaty of Paris in 1856. Then the principle of the convention of 1841 was once more affirmed by international agreement.

Furthermore, as a punishment of Russia, the Black Sea was neutralized. Its waters and ports were declared to be formally and perpetually closed to the warships of all the Powers. Exception was made for Russia and Turkey, each of which could maintain six small steam vessels; and in addition two guardships

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were allowed to each of the Powers guaranteeing the free navigation of the River Danube. The crushing restriction, however, was the prohibition of the maintenance or construction of "military maritime arsenals" on the shores of the Black Sea. Turkey had practically no navy in the Black Sea and Russia was forbidden to develop an effective one. This restriction which was naturally galling to Russia lasted only till 1871. Taking advantage of the general European situation created by the Franco-Prussian war the Czar's Government denounced this limitation.

This action later received international recognition in the Treaty of London of 1871. The Straits, however, remained closed by the continuance of the principle of 1841 and of 1856. Its application was somewhat altered for it was agreed that Turkey might open the Straits in time of peace to warships of friendly and allied Powers in case the Porte judged it necessary to safeguard the execution of other provisions of the peace of Paris of 1856. Nominally these provisions continued in effect till Turkey entered the World War. Practically, however, there were several instances of their violation. This third stage under the terms of the treaty of 1871 is, therefore, marked by the failure to maintain the closing of the Straits by a system of international agreement between the great Powers and Turkey. This was first shown during the crisis of 1877–78 which so nearly involved England and Russia in war. The British became greatly alarmed as to Russia's intentions and actions regarding Constantinople and Gallipoli. They, therefore, ordered British naval forces on three occasions to enter the Dardanelles. For many months in 1878 a part of the British fleet remained near Constantinople during the negotiation of peace. The presence of this squadron undoubtedly had a restraining influence on the aggressive party in Russia who might otherwise have attempted the occupation of Constantinople. The general result was to continue, in the peace signed at Berlin in 1878, the provisions of the treaty of 1871.

Between the Congress of Berlin and the treaty of Sèvres in 1920 there are no treaty changes to note; but existing regulations were somewhat modified and on several occasions the right of passage both of merchant and of war vessels was called in question. The independence of Roumania was followed by that of Bulgaria

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making a fourth Black Sea riverain state; and the outbreak of seven wars involved at times new political elements. These can only attract brief attention though they all combine to show the unsatisfactory and uncertain character of the situation during these years.

Disputes regarding foreign ships engaged in local coasting trade or passenger service were frequent. In general the Porte stressed its sovereignty and enforced more rigidly the regulations and formalities of passage for any foreign merchant ships. Nevertheless in the case of the Russian volunteer fleet of potential auxilliary cruisers the Turkish authorities agreed to their passage from the Black Sea as "merchant" ships even though they carried troops bound for the Far East. Three such ships passed through the Straits southbound. One was to become a hospital ship. Two, the *Smolensk* and the *Petersburg*, soon appeared in the Red Sea as warships. This was during the Russo-Japanese war; and these Russian cruisers, claiming the right to search for contraband and for mails bound for Japan, stopped neutral vessels. The controversy which followed was argued officially chiefly on grounds of international law. Actually a political issue of the first importance was involved. Among the vessels stopped or captured were British ships; and England, in addition to her treaty interests as to the Straits, was bound by the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance of 1902. The net result of the controversy, which was decided on legal grounds, was the defeat of Russian claims. Thus the rule of the Straits was of great assistance to Japan for the best Russian squadron was compelled to remain in the Black Sea.

During the Turko-Italian war the Turks laid mines in the Dardanelles; and the threat of a raid by Italian warships so alarmed them that they finally closed the Dardanelles to all shipping. These steps led to remonstrance by neutral states who claimed the right of navigation for their merchant vessels under international law and under treaties. As a result the Straits were once more opened for the rest of the war nor were they closed during the two Balkan wars of 1912–13.

With the outbreak of the World War the question of the Straits became of immense importance on political, naval, and economic

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grounds. It is scarcely necessary to cite the arrival of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* off Constantinople on August 11, 1914, as the most important event which led to the entry of Turkey into the war. Indeed before that grave event the dominance of Germany at Constantinople had led to serious interference by Turkey with merchant shipping of the Allies in the Straits. German officers were in command of the defenses of the Straits; and by the middle of September the Turkish fleet was entirely in German hands. In the meantime an English naval force had gathered off the Dardanelles prepared to attack the German ships if they should sally out. The alleged sale of these two boats by Germany to Turkey still left them with German officers and crews and practically at the disposal of the German Ambassador. German transports had brought munitions and on one a wireless establishment was freely used. The violations of neutrality under international law were therefore clear. The breach of treaties regarding the Straits was equally evident and important. On September 26 the exit of a Turkish torpedo boat from the Dardanelles was stopped by the British and the channel was in turn closed by the Turkish authorities.

In the meantime preparations for war went forward in other parts of the Ottoman Empire; but, as the British Ambassador wrote, the "key of the situation" lay in Constantinople. Finally, on October 29, Turkish warships raided Russian ports in the Black Sea and the Allies withdrew their Ambassadors from Constantinople. The Straits soon became the scene of bitter fighting and the course of the war only revealed more clearly the inadequacy of all previous arrangements for their regulation.

The military defeat and the political collapse of the Teutonic-Turkish alliance naturally left the future of the Straits to be settled in a definitive peace. This was done in the treaty of Sèvres which was signed on August 10, 1920. But that treaty has been torn to pieces without ratification. The result is that the fourth stage of the problem of the Straits seems to be worse than any other. Analysis of the situation and of the various solutions which have been discussed may help to clear the air. Even the provisions of the discarded treaty of Sèvres have their merits.

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Overshadowing the whole problem, however, remain two great uncertainties—the character and policies of the Governments of both Turkey and Russia. Furthermore, the terms now proposed as the result of the military success of the Angora Government involve a possible separation of the sovereignty at Constantinople from the practical control of the Straits. Hitherto such a division had been almost unthinkable. That it is now suggested is due to the course of recent events and to the endeavor to square a genuine international necessity with the fortunes of diplomacy and of war. The whole civilized world requires a settlement of the future of the Straits which will not be dependent mainly on the possible policies of a national Turkey nor on the course of European political rivalry and intrigue with regard to the Eastern Question. Yet Turkish rule is apparently to return to Constantinople and to stabilize the situation of the Straits without close reference to the régime at Constantinople would task the genius of an Aristotle or a Machiavelli.

The treaty of Sèvres provided:

> The navigation of the Straits, including the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus, shall in future be open, both in peace and war, to every vessel of commerce or of war and to military and commercial aircraft, without distinction of flag.
>
> These waters shall not be subject to blockade, nor shall any belligerent right be exercised nor any act of hostility be committed within them, unless in pursuance of a decision of the Council of the League of Nations.

This arrangement was to be entrusted to a "Commission of the Straits" composed of representatives of each of the following governments:

> The United States of America (if and when that Government is willing to participate), the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan, Russia (if and when Russia becomes a member of the League of Nations), Greece, Roumania, and Bulgaria and Turkey (if and when the two latter States become members of the League of Nations). Each Power shall appoint one representative. The Representatives of the United States of America, the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan and Russia shall each have two votes. The representatives of Greece, Roumania and Bulgaria and Turkey shall each have one vote. Each Commissioner shall be removable only by the Government which appointed him.

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The result of two centuries of war and diplomacy was the victory of the "freedom of the Straits" under international guarantee. As such it was a significant, progressive step in the recognition of community of interests throughout the world. Today this settlement as a whole has been wrecked. It remains to be seen whether this particular section of the treaty is to be salvaged and if so whether any alterations are needed.

This proposal of the treaty of Sèvres was not agreed upon in 1920 until many other plans had been debated and rejected. It would be useless now to review all the various projects which were considered during 1918–20. Many of them are now rendered impossible by changes in the political situation. In any case it is essential to bear in mind that any settlement for the Straits is first of all a political rather than a purely legal matter. Practical aspects rather than moral or abstract considerations must determine the adoption of any particular solution.

This the United States has already indicated by statements made regarding ultimate Russian interest in any permanent settlement of both Far Eastern and Near Eastern questions. Thus Mr. Polk wrote to the Allies on March 24, 1920:

> This Government is convinced that no arrangement that is now made concerning the government and control of Constantinople and the Straits can have any element of permanency unless the vital interests of Russia in these problems are carefully provided for and protected, and unless it is understood that Russia, when it has a government recognized by the civilized world, may assert its right to be heard in regard to the decisions now made.
>
> It is noted with pleasure that the questions of passage of warships and the régime of the Straits in war-time are still under advisement, as this Government is convinced that no final decision should or can be made without the consent of Russia.

With regard to the Siberian question Secretary Hughes on September 19, 1921, maintained in advance of the meeting of the Washington Conference that—

> in the absence of a single recognized Russian Government the protection of legitimate Russian interests must devolve as a moral trusteeship upon the whole Conference.

Both of these statements are similar in nature and both range ahead of immediate and probably temporary conditions.

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It is important in any case to consider particularly the relation of the present Russian Government to the problem in hand. The Soviet authorities by the publication in 1918 of the secret treaties of the Czar's Government showed that they did not adhere to the programme proposed by the secret agreement of 1915. That agreement had assigned Constantinople and the real control of the Straits to Russia. The Revolutionary Government however, has not failed to assert Russian interest with regard to the Straits and the Black Sea. In treaties with the Angora Turks in 1921 and 1922 the Soviet authorities declare that "international regulation concerning the Black Sea and the Dardanelles" must be entrusted to a future conference composed exclusively of delegates of the riverain states and that Turkey must retain complete sovereignty over Constantinople. In other words the future regulation of the Straits, though neither Russian nor Turkish exclusively, must become a local concern and in principle revert to the status of the early nineteenth century.

In similar fashion the Moscow Government by a note of September 14, 1922, asserted that Russia would not "consent to the Straits being opened to the battleships of any country" and that "Russia, Turkey, The Ukraine, and Georgia, to whom belongs practically the whole Black Sea coast, cannot admit the right of any other government to interfere in the settlement of the question of the Straits." This position is of course in line with principles of Russian policy which were asserted in the days of the Czars Paul I, Alexander I, and Nicholas I. Against these views stand the development of European diplomacy throughout the nineteenth century, the progressive tendencies of international law as indicated in the Treaty of Sèvres, and the views of American statesmen as quoted earlier in this article. The fact that Russian "Whites" are reported as rallying to the support of the views of the Soviet authorities on this question is not surprising. It marks the survival of Russian nationalist, imperial interests in Near Eastern affairs.

On the other hand the idea that Great Britain or any combination of the Allies can attempt, at this stage of the world's affairs, to make the Straits a special naval preserve is equally dangerous. Gallipoli should never be another Gibraltar for England or for any

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other Power. The future peace of the world would be endangered if any programme for the fortification or control of the Straits by any single state were now permitted. To allow this would be to set back the hands of the international clock.

Furthermore, merely to label the Black Sea a "sea of peace" would not disguise the significance of an attempt to treat the Black Sea as a special marine area barred to all naval forces. This Russian idea is also opposed to international interest. It would tend to propagate essentially local and possibly selfish aims. For the Black Sea States now to arrogate to themselves the exclusive regulation of waters which in the course of centuries have finally become thoroughly international is equally dangerous. If this plan were adopted it would mean that these waters would be barred forever even to the righteous and peaceable errands of the American navy. With due appreciation of our love and respect for peace such a plan might limit the usefulness of our naval power as an instrument of justice and of national policy.

It would be futile to anticipate events which may take place before the publication of this article. Circumstances may alter the particulars of the situation. The general elements, however, stand out clearly as they have developed in historical fashion. The solution which may be adopted will fail of its proper purpose unless these elements are duly considered. What is needed is a broad international settlement based on adequate international responsibility. Any other arrangement will merely prepare the way for further trouble.

In this connection the process and methods of the solution to be arrived at are also important. Unless care is taken precedents may be developed which might be used to threaten our naval and military position in the Panama Canal Zone. Even the Erie Canal is in one sense a waterway connecting the ocean with inland seas which are in international use. The details or tactics of the negotiations at Lausanne will therefore affect our national strategy in the conclusions to be secured. This result requires careful coördination of all the elements involved to protect American policies.

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THE LITERARY DISCIPLINE—II

BY JOHN ERSKINE

ORIGINALITY IN LITERATURE

I

If we accept the doctrine of criticism today, originality is a great virtue in a writer, and if we believe the book advertisements, all the new writers as they appear, and as they reappear, have this virtue to a striking, even to an explosive extent. But with all their originality, some of the new books turn out to be dull, and if we reconsider for a moment the books men have finally judged great, we observe that they were rather destitute of the kind of originality we talk of nowadays.

"In poetry, a new cadence means a new idea," wrote the imagist some time ago, defending the use of free verse. The doctrine was in the interest of the cadence, but it implied something larger and more significant, that in poetry newness of ideas is desirable. More recently, an American critic remarked, in effect, that what Lytton Strachey has accomplished in his literary portraits is nothing but what Gamaliel Bradford accomplished in his, and since Mr. Bradford's portraits came first, they should have the credit and the praise which an undiscriminating world bestows on Mr. Strachey's. If the question of priority is raised in this kind of writing, perhaps something should be said for Plutarch; but are we sure we should raise the question of priority? What arrests us in the remark of the American critic is the undebated assumption that literary excellence derives from doing something before somebody else does it. Is it the business of art to discover new ideas, or indeed to busy itself much with any ideas, as separated from emotion and the other elements of complete experience? Is it the originality of genius in art to say something no one has ever thought of before, or to say something we all recognize as important and true? As for the mere question of

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priority, even stupid things have been said for a first time; do we wear the laurel for being the first to say them?

One suspects that the new cadence will persist in poetry only if we like it, and that Mr. Bradford's reputation will outstrip Mr. Strachey's only if we prefer what he wrote, and if by chance we care for neither, then both will be neglected, though one preceded the other by a hundred years. Excellence is the only originality that art considers. They understand these things better in France. There the young poet even of the most radical school will respect the bias of art towards continuity rather than toward novelty, toward the climax of a tradition rather than its beginning; his formula of self-confidence will be, "Victor Hugo was a great poet, Alfred de Musset was a great poet, and now at last I'm here." But in America the parallel gospel is, "Poor Tennyson couldn't write, nor Longfellow, of course; now for the first time let's have some poetry."

The writers finally judged great, so far from sharing our present concern for originality, would probably not even understand it. What is the object of literature? they would ask. Of course, if it is to portray the individual rather than human nature, or those aspects of life which stand apart from life in general, then each book may have something queer in it, something not in any other book and in that sense original; but then the reader, before long, will be looking for peculiarity in every book he buys—it must be, not better, but "different", to use an American term in æsthetics; and the writer then who would meet this demand for the peculiar must make a fresh start with every book. What bad luck, they would say, to be forever a primitive, to be condemned, after every success, to produce something in another vein, the first of its kind. Originality in this sense will be continually undermined by fame, for the more an author is read, and the more people become accustomed to his world, the less he will seem original. On the other hand, if the reader looks for originality, there will be no fame, for no matter how popular an author is, we shall read his book only once, and then be ready for his next novelty.

But if the object of literature is still, as it was for the great writers, to portray human nature, then the only new thing the

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artist will look for is a greater success in his art. Human nature is old and unchangeable; he will hope to make a better portrait than has yet been made—better, at any rate, for his own people and his own age, and if possible better absolutely. There is nothing new about religion or love or friendship, war, sunsets, the sea, danger or death, yet something remains to be told of each eternal theme, and when a book comes which tells the whole, which satisfies some hitherto unexpressed yearnings or defines more sharply something hitherto half-seen, then that portrait of human nature serves our purposes until we have a still finer, and other versions meanwhile are neglected and forgotten. We remember how many accounts of Romeo and Juliet there were before Shakespeare told the story to suit us, and how many records of the journey to hell before Dante told us the whole truth of that pilgrimage; perhaps we know the many desperate attempts, long since mercifully swallowed up in oblivion, to portray the American Indian before Fenimore Cooper made the picture the world wanted. The achievements of literature are all, as in these instances, a gradual reworking of traditional or popular or folk material, and in the process it is precisely because the subject is not original that the audience can decide how well it has been portrayed. A sequence of writers interpreting life are therefore like a succession of virtuosos playing the classics, each trying to give us the true Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann. Their renderings will be different enough, but the music is the same, and we know it by heart. The player who calls our attention to most beauty in it, will be original or unique in the only way that art permits.

The example of the musician may not seem to all writers a fair parallel; they may protest that the writer creates, as the composer does, but the player only interprets what is already created. But they are wrong, and the parallel is correct. The writer does not create as the composer does. Music is an ultimate pleasure in itself, like the taste of sugar; so long as it delights us, we do not ask what it means. Moreover, since there is no question of its meaning, we may not need a previous experience to find some enjoyment in it; it may be satisfactory at first contact. Of course every art gives a more subtle pleasure as we become practised in appreciating it, yet the contrast between music and literature

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remains a real one, since without any knowledge of life at all men and even children often penetrate deeply into the heart of music, but without some knowledge of life they are stopped at the very threshold of literature. The key to that door is some first hand aquaintance with life. Music has no other subject matter than itself, but literature has life for its content, and to find one's way about in it, we must recognize what it is dealing with. Life is a music already composed. It has been here a long time, and had become already an ancient history when the first poets began to play upon it. They merely said for us the things we had been vainly feeling after, they brought out the colors our eyes had almost missed, they define sharply the flavors and the half tastes that had haunted us. The amateurs in the audience listen spellbound when the master plays to perfection a piece they have struggled with; this is more to them than the loveliest of new sonatas, for it is their own world in a better light. So mankind will listen to the authentic poet who completes their half-realized selves; and will say of him, somewhat with the woman of Samaria, "He told me all the things that ever I did."

If the audience enjoy the music best when they have tried to play it themselves, they love it next best when they have heard it often, and they like it least, sometimes not at all, when they hear it for the first time. The reader likes poetry best when he has lived what it interprets; next best when he has heard often of the adventures it renders; least, even to the point of detestation, when he never entered that region of life at all, not even by hearsay. In such a predicament the real ground of his objection to the art is that it is original, at least so far as he is concerned, but the experience of his discomfort will hide the cause of it from him; not himself but the art will seem to him inadequate—is he not as much alive as anyone ever was? The book, he will say, portrays a world that is dead. Let us start fresh and be original; let us portray my world.

II

In the slow fermentation of human societies, as fresh elements work their way to the top and for a time give their flavor to history, the new arrival is likely to herald himself in some such terms

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in a protest against the art which, because he has as yet no share in it, seems to him old and worn out, and in a cry for original expression which to those with a longer memory of the world will be quite familiar. There have been new arrivals before, and their wish to start fresh is the cause rather than the result of decadence. For it is only in a figure of speech that art declines or prospers —it is the artists who are less competent or more so than their predecessors, and the poet who tells us that the period before him is at an end, is really proclaiming that he cannot improve upon it, and if the other poets are like himself, the preceding period is indeed ended. There is no other reason why the great moments of literature were not prolonged. Shakespeare was better than his predecessors, but he was not perfection; why did not the drama continue to develop? Ben Jonson, being himself a new arrival, and being, for all his book learning, outside the spiritual regions which Elizabethan drama had mainly portrayed, thought of course that a new kind of art was needed. He is in danger now of sharing the ignominy of all writers who coming after greater men pay homage through jealousy. Tennyson was not the greatest of poets; why did not his successors treat him as though he were a Greene or a Marlowe, and make Shakespearean improvements in him? To hear the critics of today rail against his art, one might suppose he had hopelessly damaged the language by using it, or that rhyme and meter had come to a bad end at his hands. The poet who talks this way about his predecessors is never the one who is conscious of the power to swallow them up. If Shakespeare had been a little man, he would have taken one look at Marlowe's *Faustus*, and given up the Elizabethan drama as a creaking and antiquated machine for moral doctrine. Had he been really ignorant of the long-stored-up energies and impulses which were coming to action in his marvellous hour, had he lacked the instinct to recognize them even when badly expressed, and to express them better, he might have walked the streets of London as the oriental arrival walked in Athens, or as the invader from the north walked in Rome—with a conviction that the day of this sort of thing was over. Nothing would remain but to be original.

If the clamor for originality is strong in the United States, it is,

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perhaps, because here are many arrivals, and the newcomer not infrequently desires us to change our ways in the interest of his comfort. We have so much good will toward him, and we are so conscious of the fine things the various races may bring to our commonwealth, that we usually hesitate to speak frankly of his qualifications as writer or critic. He often brings a rare aptitude for art, and frequently he desires to write, but writing is the one art where his ignorance of life will handicap him. In painting an eye for color, in music an ear for tone and harmony, may carry him through, but in literature he will write in an acquired language, and even if it were his native tongue, in literature his attitude toward the art will be conditioned by his knowledge of life. He will perhaps assert rather vigorously that his knowledge is superior; has he not borne hardships and risen above them? Those who have not suffered, he will say, know nothing of life. He will think you cold-blooded if you tell him the better way to say it—that those who have not suffered, know nothing of suffering. If he desires to write the literature of suffering, he is probably competent, but since he is usually a person of strong energy, with a constructive temperament, he does not wish to write merely the literature of suffering, nor does he usually wish his children to repeat his hardship, though he may have said that only by such discipline comes knowledge. He usually desires to write about the world in general, as everyone would write, and for this task he usually has had experience too meagre or too special. It is only in the United States, after his arrival, that he most often makes his first contact with the older literature—not of America but of his own land; if he has had the experience necessary for understanding it, he absorbs it eagerly, but if his hardships in his fatherland deprived him of the necessary equipment, he will announce that the old literature is played out and meaningless. He is like the native students in South African schools, who may read the skating episode in Wordsworth's *Prelude*, but cannot get the shiver of the ice or the scratch of the steel runners. Those who have been with us for several generations and who through economic or other causes have missed that rich acquaintance with life which would explain what the great writers talk about, are likely to join the most recent comer in a plea for

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originality. Their fortunes are to be pitied, but their advice in art is hardly to be followed. No amount of sympathy or admiration for them as human beings will accredit them as critics, for art is long, as we have heard, and the approaches to it are long also; though we may teach democracy fast enough to win our vote after five years, we must know at first hand youth and maturity, and have a suspicion of what old age is like, in the world the poet writes of, before we can give a fair opinion whether he has written well. But if the newcomer recovers here the adventure of life which his hardships cheated him of in the old country, he will find that the great literature of the world represents that adventure faithfully and vitally; it is merely a question of patience with him, since he is energetic and the upturn of the new world is exciting, and it is hard for him to believe that the old shadows in art of a life he has not yet lived will ever again take living form or pulse again in his imagination.

A new world, a new life, a new art. This is the sequence his hopes dwell on, though every term in it is debatable. Is there a new world, or a new life, or a new art? Sometimes we are told that in a new world life must automatically be new, but the doctrine is not convincing, for at other times we are summoned to originality, as to another duty, by the argument that in a new world we ought to be ashamed to lead still an old life. Sometimes we hear that a new life inevitably means a new art, and we reflect that if life now differs from what it once was, we need take no thought for our originality, for we shall be different in spite of ourselves; even by the old methods art will achieve something new; if we would write of love, for example, we need only tell the truth about the passion as we know it, and since the love we know is like nothing that ever was on sea or land, our romance will be like nothing that ever was in song or story. Why all this fret about it? And if religion and war and sorrow and death are all by hypothesis quite other than they once were, how can we escape originality when we report them in the setting of the new world and the new life? But the fact is that those who call for originality in art are not quite sure, after all, that the age is a new one—they would feel safer if some further vestiges of the past could be obliterated; and though they justify a new art by speaking much

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of their new life, it is far from clear that they really think life is new, or at heart desire it to be so. Social and political systems, yes—but life? Horrible indeed is the vision of an absolutely original career for one who loves his fellows and prefers to take his experience outside a madhouse. "Your prayer is answered," says the original Apollo, touching the original poet's ears, trembling with originality: "you will have always a new cadence and a new idea; neither the language nor the substance of your communications will ever have occurred before in human experience. Your art will be unique and solitary. Nothing that men have done before will you condescend to repeat—neither to sleep, nor to eat, nor to travel, nor to know passion, pain, suffering or peace." The poet, lured by the prophecy, might think at last that he had achieved fame, but Apollo would be there to remind him that his was like no fame achieved before—not like Shelley's or Shakespeare's. He might lose his heart, and in the throes of love might fancy he knew at last the meaning of Romeo's story or Tristram's, but the god would remind him that his was a special kind of love, not like the very ancient impulse that moved the sun and the other stars.

We need some divine reminder that our true desire is to realize in ourselves the best of old experience—not to find an original life, but to bring on the stage once more as far as possible the old procession of passions, sorrows and delights. The latest of us hopes he is not too late to taste for himself the high flavor of life which those before him talked so much about. If falling in love is a business incidental to adolescence, yet it is immensely hastened by our reading and by what we have heard; those whom the passion does not touch usually worry about their immunity instead of being thankful for it, and anything is better than never to have loved at all. It is not passion entirely that fills the hearts of the lovers brought at last to each other's arms; at least, the single thought with which the two hearts beat may be a triumphant "Now I know for myself". Similarly, however strange it may seem, we welcome sorrow and suffering, or we feel ourselves cheated rather than blest if none of it comes our way. Death, too, is less unwelcome than it might fairly be. At least those who faced it and have been reprieved, often remember that

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a satisfaction in knowing the worst took some of the terror away. There it was at last, the old shadow that waylays us all.

Desiring to discover for ourselves the well known and traditional experience, we desire at the same time a more excellent version of it than our predecessors have enjoyed. We would love as Romeo did, but we like to think that Romeo never loved so well, and ours is a more wonderful Juliet. Even our sorrows will be greater, if we have our way, for in the intensity with which we explore the old experiences we feel rightly that we ought to equal or surpass other men. We dread the operation for appendicitis, before we undergo it; then we reach the point of satisfaction in finding out for ourselves what the operation is like; then finally we are persuaded that the operation was unusually severe, the worst of its kind. This is the artist in us, trying for distinction. And if with the old material of life we seek the distinction of excellence of statement, our motive is not simply a desire to surpass others, nor a desire to indicate progress, but often it is the hope to report the experience once for all. Art has always a dying part in it, as artists well know—some part which must constantly be restored by restatement. Try as he may to express only permanent things, the artist will include something that is aside from the main purpose, that goes out of date. Of course if an artist deliberately strives to be contemporary, and succeeds, his work to that extent will shortly become unintelligible; later poets will then try their hand at refurbishing or restoring the essential thing in the picture, and incidentally, without meaning to, they will include some contemporary and insignificant material of their own, which in time may precipitate another revision. What we call classics are the lucky masterpieces in which the permanent elements are so many and the transitory so few, that it seems useless and impertinent to revise them.

III

The desire for originality is not new, and explanations of it are old. Some of them are based on the supposed working of the artistic temperament. The artist, it is said, craves expression at all costs, and if the craving is not satisfied in one direction, it will reach in another. If we cannot pour all of our energy into our

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painting or our music, we may express the surplus in long hair and flowing cravat. This explanation, even if it were true, would imply that the artist desires notoriety rather than expression, for you cannot express yourself unless you speak a language your audience already knows, but eccentricity, which is the extreme form of originality, will attract attention even if it is not understood. But artists are not likely to admit that this theory does justice to their temperament. They will remark that few of the greatest masters have been eccentric in their appearance, none of them in their subject-matter. Like other men they fitted the society in which their lot fell, except that they had a genius for feeling life more vitally than other men. So many of them, like Chaucer or Shakespeare or Scott, cultivated the art of living close to their fellows and sharing an average fate, that we half suspect the less gifted would do the same if they could; for the artist who is original in dress or manners is not likely to meet human nature in its normal state—rather, his neighbors will whisper when he appears, and nudge each other, and he will never see what manners they use toward those who are not queer. Poets with an original or eccentric subject-matter meet the same fate. Could Poe or Baudelaire learn anything about us if they came among us with a reputation for the abnormal? Would we not unconsciously close to them our usual impulses, in our curiosity to observe their strangeness? To the artist who loves life in the sane way of a Chaucer, a Montaigne, a Molière such a welcome would be calamitous; rather hide anything that distinguishes him from others, even the fact that he can write, if by this caution he may draw closer to his sensitive race, and observe the undisturbed mystery and beauty of natural life.

Indeed, the whole question of originality, this desire for novelty, is in the end a question of our love of life. In the moments when we love life passionately we are not likely to get too much of it, and we do not ask to exchange it for another kind. When art and politics were creative, in the heyday of writers, painters, architects and statesmen who later seem to us almost solitary in their excellence, there was still no taking thought to be original; they fell in love, rather, with the obvious. Columbus made no voyage in search of originality—simply there had been too

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many hints and rumors for him to stay at home any longer. Some very original spirits, we may suppose, took no stock in his expedition. For Shakespeare or Molière play-writing was an obvious task, and an old one; they may have expected to do successfully what others had only tried, but except for the success they aimed at nothing new. Where great poets have spoken on the matter themselves, their point of view is quite clear. At the end of the *Vita Nuova* Dante announced his hope to write of Beatrice such things as had never been written of any woman. Not to write a new kind of book, for women had been praised before, as he implied, and there had been poems of vision and pilgrimages through hell; but his hope was to excel. He determined to speak no more of his blessed lady until he could praise her worthily, and to praise such a woman worthily would be to write such things as had been written of no other. In the same mood Milton promised his great epic—in passionate love of the best before him, and in the assurance of doing as well or better—"I began thus to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intense study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might leave something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let it die." This is the great manner of the poets. But in the opening words of Rousseau's *Confessions*, to take an opposite example, we have the accent of the modern disease; he would undertake, he said, an enterprise of which there had never been a parallel, and of which there would be no imitation—he would tell the truth about one man, about himself. He promised no excellence except the uniqueness of the subject, for truth-telling, though always desirable, can hardly be important unless the subject is worth while.

Rousseau's book is great in spite of its introductory sentence; his subject after all was not unique, for each of us can follow his example and write at least one book about ourselves; and perhaps he told less of the unvarnished truth than he intended, for being an artist in every fiber of his body, he selected from his experience not his most singular adventures, but his adventures in those realms of experience—in sex, for example—which his readers

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were surest to understand and find interesting. But with his famous announcement, whether or not he followed it, our malady began. Hence all the poems and novels of autobiography, all the diaries of young men and maidens, old men and children, all the bouquets of verse still showered upon us in which the poet confides his, more often her, intimate symptoms. In all this there is little to remind us of great art, or of the times in which great art has been made; the resemblance is rather to a hospital or an old folks' home, where the inmates find importance in the fact that they have been there longer than their fellows, or are younger, or a little less blind and deaf. Hence also our difficulty in understanding earlier literature, of a date when not originality but excellence was the aim. When we first read Shakespeare's sonnets or Sidney's, we conclude with satisfaction that the poet was writing out of his heart, in the Rousseau fashion. But when we learn that these stories are works of art, dramatic renderings of life, and that the "I" who speaks in the lines is first of all the hero of the story, whether or not he is the poet too; and when we learn further that much of the material is adapted from earlier poets, used over again as we use old words to make up new sentences—then perhaps our respect for the master vanishes, our ideal is cracked; they were not such original poets after all. It is the defect of our taste. We forget that the oldest phrases, if they have the poetic excellence of being true to all of us, are renewed and become personal in the adventure of each individual. Though Job ought to get the credit, by all modern standards, of uttering that very original profession of faith, "I know that my redeemer liveth," yet the words were too full of possible meanings to remain linked with Job's private misfortunes; being already immortal, they seem never to have been said for a first time. Lover after lover has found in his own passion the meaning of some old song, perhaps "My love is like the red, red rose", which until the passion fell on him seemed sentimental and silly. And Rousseau himself in the *Confessions*, at the very outset of his egotism, of his originality, of his indecorous opposing of the individual to the race, records his boyhood love of an old folk-song—precisely the kind of art from which his doctrine led us away.

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But nowadays the desire for originality comes not only from the writer; a certain class of readers also demand it, the kind of person who reads with an eye out for imitations and plagiarisms. That plot has been used before, he says, when two men are in love with the same woman—or, that character is copied from so-and-so, when Pierrot's father forgives the returning prodigal. There are reviewers of this type also, who read their victims into categories, calling this poet Tennysonian, that novelist Meredithian, that essayist Emersonian. Such categories become less definite as we read back into the past, for over the range of a few centuries no plot is new, nor does any writer seem altogether unlike the others. There is such a thing as plagiarism, yet unless one is a fanatic for originality, the question of plagiarism is of no great importance; the world is not interested, and if the author is concerned from whom the play or the plot is stolen, his concern is more for his property than for his art. If his work is stolen unchanged, it is still as good art as it was before; if the thief has mangled it, his plagiarized version will not be so good as the authentic text; but if by luck he has improved on what he took, it becomes his, bag and baggage, so far as fame is concerned. Who were the authors of those songs Burns made over into his masterpieces? Who were those dramatists and chroniclers whom Shakespeare rewrote? The names in many cases can be looked up, but they are of no account. The world feels that the great writer conferred a benefit by improving on the earlier work. What is far more important, the world also feels that the great writer, in improving on another man's work, actually invaded no private rights, for the material of literature is life, and life is no one's private property. After the invention of printing, writers saw the possibility of financial dividends from their works, and plagiarism is an aspect of this financial question, but it has otherwise nothing to do with art. The world in general continues to think of art in the old way, as creation rather than as business, and it quite properly cares little who does the creating, or who afterwards receives a money reward. What were Homer's annual earnings? Or was it really Homer? Or who besides David wrote his psalms? We know instinctively that these questions are trivial.

But imitation in art is often more apparent than real. If a

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poet is in touch with his age, he will write of the subjects that interest him, and other poets in touch with the age will also write about what interests them, and consequently they may all write of much the same thing; they are not imitating each other, but they are enjoying a common pleasure, to which one of them may have shown the way. We often say that the popular writer is trying to catch the favor of the public by giving it what it likes, and in some instances he may be calculating and his motives unworthy. But it is more probable that being typical of his age, he simply likes the same things as his fellows. The Elizabethan Londoner liked historical plays; did Shakespeare write them only to please his audience, or rather did he not share the general taste? The principle here implied will explain why any poets who have an enormous popularity will have also an enormous so-called influence. They are popular because they share the people's taste, and the people therefore find in their work what they like; but if their subject-matter is so popular, many others will be writing of it too. The resulting resemblance is not really an influence, or rarely is; it is a contemporary tendency. The poet who is best in the lot will be remembered. All ran, but one receives the prize. However, those who came in second and third are neither imitators nor plagiarists.

IV

To submit oneself to the impersonal discipline of art is hard for the young. Few young writers are lured into the profession by the impossibility of being original in their craft, or by the excellent chance their best works have of becoming anonymous with time. We can imagine them pleading for the rights of their personalities; what on earth did the old pagan mean by his proud *non omnis moriar*, if his personality was not to survive in his work? For their comfort let us add that personality in art is indestructible. If we have any of it, it will live. And if we mean personality when we say originality, thinking of the author rather than of his subject, then we may add also that genuine personality is original in spite of itself. How hard it is to tell a story twice the same way; how difficult to form anything permanent, even habits; how impossible to get once for all into a rut. A dull lecture, though we

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hear it a second time word for word, is subtly changed, for we no longer hear it the first time, and "afflictions induce callosities", as Sir Thomas Browne said, and "sorrows destroy us or themselves". The record we buy for our phonograph, though we liked it at first, may empty itself with each repetition, till the charm is gone; even the photograph of our dear ones, framed on the wall, has a tendency at last to merge itself in the wall paper. Whatever is repeated in our consciousness becomes mechanical and unnoticed, or the edge of it is blunted. To restore the sharp edges of impression, to bring back the first flavor of things, is the ideal of life and of art; only strong personality can do it, but where such a personality comes, it is irresistible and undisguisable. It shows up best in those attitudes of life which in other hands have grown drab and sordid; the contrast brings out the genius. This kind of success in life is the art of the actor who plays a long run, and who gives even in the one hundredth performance the impression of a fresh experience. A poorer actor would have needed a new play long before. Or we might say that art is a summary of life—and where will personality show itself sooner than in summarizing? When Lafcadio Hearn lectured to his Japanese students, he followed the reading of each English poem by a brief paraphrase in prose, which usually is the most precious part of his criticism; for in the retelling, his personality emphasized what he liked in the verses. If we could ask Tennyson, Morris, Browning, Arnold and Meredith each to write out a summary of something we all know, we should have five criticisms, and five revelations of personality. And there are more personalities in the world than we may realize; only they waste themselves in the search for the original, when all that is needed is to be sincere.

JOHN ERSKINE.

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THE GREAT ENCHANTMENT

BY L. P. JACKS

THE reader of this article who gets no further than its title may conclude that it does not refer to the affairs of the present day. "Enchantment," he will argue, "was a condition to which our distant ancestors were much exposed; but which, nowadays, prevails only among savages (prior to the arrival of the missionary), between lovers at first sight, in certain extreme schools of psychoanalysis, and in other exceptionally foolish or ignorant circles. In the busy world of our time enchantment has no longer any power. No great enchantment is possible. Whatever enchantments there are must, from the nature of things, be small ones, and even these can have but a precarious existence under the criticism of a scientific and rationalizing age, which, with many faults, is at all events immune to the Enchanter's spell. The title of this article, then, is either a misnomer or else it must refer to the past."

I hasten to assure the reader, who has taken the trouble to read thus far, that the article refers strictly to the present day. I am going to defend the difficult, and I have no doubt unpopular, thesis that the present is, of all ages, the most deeply enchanted; that enchanters were never so numerous, so powerful, so dangerous and so highly paid; that in all lands people are ready and willing to become their victims; that never before has the art of enchantment been brought to a pitch so fine; and that all the varieties of it to be found among our distant ancestors, the unconverted heathen, lovers at first sight, and the extreme schools of psychoanalysis, are as nothing in their malignity to those which prevail and flourish, and are rewarded with honors, in the high places of this scientific, critical, rationalizing and up-to-date world of 1922.

In Great Britain, where the sale of intoxicating liquors still goes on apace, we are all aware of the difficulty of persuading a

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drunken man to accept our sober view of him—the view, namely, that declares him drunk. Even next morning, when the police convict him of drunkenness, and tell how they took him to the lock-up on a handbarrow, and the magistrate fines him forty shillings, he will protest his innocence before the high gods, and call down curses on the unjust laws of his country. Americans whose memories go back to the days before prohibition—I am told that Americans seldom look back, most of them being forward-looking men, and their memories, in consequence, growing short—will probably recall a similar phenomenon within their own borders.

But, if it is difficult to persuade a drunken man that he is drunken, how much more difficult must it be to persuade an enchanted community, civilization or age, that it is enchanted. I put it as a problem to psychologists. Assuming that the community, civilization or age is really enchanted, how is the truth to be brought home to those whom it concerns? To begin with, is it not possible that the psychologist may be a victim of enchantment along with his neighbors, and that the very means he takes to break the spell may themselves be spell-bound? Most assuredly the problem of finding a competent spell-breaker is not easy. And even supposing the spell-breaker found, what likelihood is there that the enchanted multitude will accept his ministration? Has not the spell, in depriving them of their common sense, deprived them also of their power of responding to the spell-breaker's appeal? He will not be believed. He will almost certainly be stoned; at least stones will be cast at him. His office is worse than thankless; for there is nothing men resent more bitterly than the imputation of enchantment. The greatest Spell-breaker the world has ever produced was promptly cast out of the vineyard and killed; as He on his part knew very well that He would be.

After citing this example it may seem a strange thing to say that one of the qualifications of an efficient spell-breaker is that he should be, in a certain sense, a hater of his fellowmen; and in extenuation I will only remark in passing that the great Spell-breaker just mentioned was not very friendly to Scribes and Pharisees, nor to windbags and hypocrites in general. Certain it is that a blind and undiscriminating "love of humanity", such as

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I hear loudly preached from so many pulpits in these days, and sometimes mentioned with approval by eminent statesmen, (though I do not observe it practised anywhere, least of all by the statesmen aforesaid,) would be a fatal barrier to anyone who should take upon himself the office of delivering men or nations from the Great Enchantment. For it so happens that at no time does our world show itself more deeply enchanted than when it gets talking about "the love of humanity". At all events is it not pretty plain that, in an enchanted world of men and women, the indiscriminate lover of humanity would find himself in love with the enchantments, along with the rest of the prevailing human attributes, and so be incompetent to break their power? Unless he hates their enchantments,—and, sophistry apart, I do not see how he can do that without in some sense hating the enchanted,—he will come to naught. And this of course greatly increases the difficulty and danger of the part he has to play. For the enchanted multitudes will not only resent the imputation that they are enchanted, but will be quick to perceive that the would-be spell-breaker does not love them at that point. And they will repay his hatred with hatred.

I foresee then, from the outset, that the subject I have chosen to enlarge upon may involve me in some unpleasantness with those who take the trouble to read what I have to say. I announce myself a hater of humanity. I hate all that part of humanity, in others and in myself, and more in myself than in others, that invites enchantment and succumbs to it—and a very large part of humanity, my own and others', that is. I foresee further—and this troubles me far more than the unpleasantness referred to—that I may become involved in manifest inconsistencies. The very means I am about to take to describe the Great Enchantment may themselves turn out to be enchanted—and that, too, in a bad sense. Yes, this article, including the words now flowing from my pen, and the phrases which the brain, anticipating the pen, is half consciously forming, may all be under the spell. For the Great Enchantment is operated by incantations, that is, by mere words and phrases. And what have I to offer the reader in this article but mere phrases and words?

But these risks must be run. I take comfort to myself that

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they have been run before this by men whose memory I hold in reverence, men whose shoe-latchets I am not worthy to unloose—one of whom I will presently mention.

The Great Enchantment by which all nations great and small, all governments honest and fraudulent, all churches liberal and orthodox, all Parliaments and General Assemblies, all Leagues and Associations, all schools of thought, all debating societies, and all men and women, except the wisest, are now bewitched, is the Enchantment of Vocables. The scene of its operations is the rostrum, the platform, the pulpit, the stump, the book, the newspaper, the magazine article (such as this). Its instrument is the tongue, of which the pen may be considered a mechanical extension, or accessory after the fact.

After long ages in which the affairs of the world were mainly governed by the deeds men did, often crimes, we have now entered on a phase when its affairs are governed by the words men say, mostly lies. By a process of unconscious voting the tongue has been elected to the place of ruling member, the permanent President of all States, united or disunited as the case may be—the tongue, which a well known writer has thus described: "The world of iniquity among our members, which defileth the whole body and setteth on fire the wheel of nature and is set on fire by hell."

There is, however, one good thing to be said for the tongue. It can, when sufficiently goaded thereto by the miseries of the other members, confess its own tendency to lie and thus shout down its own babble, as the present writer is trying to do, and as Carlyle did, in a manner infinitely more impressive, preaching the Gospel of Silence in thirty volumes.

If the reader pauses for a moment in his daily vocation of earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, and listens attentively to what is going on around him, he will notice that the air is full of incantations (with which, I believe, the word "cant" has a certain etymological connection), pouring out from Congress and Parliament, from platform and pulpit, and from the other houses of magic, or dens of enchantment, that I have mentioned. Next, if he prolongs his observations, he will notice that the "world of

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thought", as we call it, though perhaps the "world of not-acting" would be a better name, is divided up into an immense variety of parties or "camps", corresponding to the incantations aforesaid, the adherents of each believing that, if his particular spell is repeated often enough, the business will be done.

For example, one of the most notable and widely heard incantations of the moment runs thus: "*We must have a change of heart.*" Are there not thousands among us, nay millions, who have allowed themselves to be deluded into believing that if the words "change of heart" are roared loud enough, or whispered mellifluously enough, into the ears of the public, hearts will change? Are there not those who solemnly affirm that it is so, and appeal for the proof to the latest discoveries of psychoanalysis?

Of course it is not so, but quite the contrary. "Change of heart", indeed! God knows that we need it. But the louder we roar it, and the more mellifluously we whisper it, and the more we trust to those roarings and whisperings to do the business, the more certain it becomes that our hearts will remain unchanged, except in the direction of becoming harder in their present obstinacies and delusions. The roarers and whisperers will have their pains for naught, as anyone with two eyes in his head can see they are now having.

These men, these roarers and whisperers,—the medicine men of modern civilization,—are indeed much to be pitied, though some of them are highly paid for their vocal exercises. We have carried the division of labor too far, leaving them to specialize in this business, heart-breaking to all who take it seriously (which not all do), of calling their generation to change its heart. Can we deny, on severe self-examination, that we have appointed their task to these men, and set them up in their places, and encouraged them to cultivate their arts, journalistic, literary or homiletic, because we much prefer listening to the cry that our hearts need to be changed, and the eloquence so readily exfoliating therefrom, to the self-denials, labors and vigils, to the agony and bloody sweat which a real change of heart would unquestionably exact from all of us; and, further, because we have suffered a foul bewitchment to persuade us that the first thing can be made to do duty for the second?

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It cannot. God gave us all the use of our wits! We have grown so used to this phrase—every newspaper contains it somewhere, and every League of Nations orator fires it off at the point when his argument breaks down—that "changing our hearts" seems to some of us as easy as getting a new suit of clothes. It is considerably more difficult. For while there are tailors according to the flesh who can cut us new clothes for money paid down, there are no tailors according to the spirit who can furnish us with new hearts. Frankly we must do it ourselves; there is no conceivable alternative.

But how? Not by listening to incantations, not by subsidizing "voices", mellifluous or brazen, not by resorting to spell-doctors or medicine men, no matter how august in their diplomas, mysterious in their initiations and extravagant in their fees—not by any nor all of these will the hearts of men or of nations be changed for the better, but only for the worse. The true prescription is pitched in another key. It bids us put ourselves straightway under a very irksome discipline, akin to that of St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar; beginning with small things and passing on by means of these to greater; as, for instance, to get up an hour earlier and come to breakfast with a pleasant expression; to pull up the weeds in our own garden before looking to see if there are any in our neighbor's; to keep our hands scrupulously clean, and our face ditto; to harbor no insects on our bodies and no bacteria in our souls; to bear no false witness, and to obey the Ten Commandments generally; to thank God daily that we are alive and to show Him by the thoroughness of the day's work that He has not created us for nothing; to cut off half the useless baggage train that we drag about with us through life (things are getting harder now!); to honor the hand above the tongue, teaching the first to labor excellently and the second to keep silence discreetly; to do our duty in the sense our fathers gave to the term, and to hold ourselves dishonored when any government or brother man does that for us which we ought to do for ourselves.

Show me a land where a few million of the inhabitants are acting thus and I see a land whose people are wide awake and in possession of their wits. For them I predict a speedy change of

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heart. Show me another where the tongue rules, and the hand is untaught, and I see a land of enchantment, whose people are bewitched. For them no change of heart is possible, except for the worse; not though League of Nations orators are crying for it from every platform in the land; nay, more impossible for that very reason.

In brief, wherever the vision has dawned which reveals to men generally how far nobler a thing it is to wield a hand which does good work than wag a tongue that utters fine speech, there, we may say, the Great Enchantment is breaking and the change of heart has begun.

The only type of civilization that will ever be at peace, happy, contented, enlightened, religious, and able to cope with the great mysteries of suffering and death,—things not to be abolished by Act of Parliament nor voted out of existence, and as rife in a world "safe for democracy" as in the unsafest,—is a civilization whose members are loyally striving, each according to the light God has given him, to create something of real value to himself and his fellow men. Let a man be doing this and he will be in the way to win, for himself and for others, all the happiness, all the material and spiritual wellbeing which the universe holds in store for him and for his posterity. Let him not be doing this, and there is no conceivable arrangement of things, no revolution in human affairs, political or economic, which can make him other than a fundamentally miserable man and a cause of misery to others. Without this all Utopias turn out to be rotten. With this they are needless—or rather, they are here already.

Attempts to evade this ineluctable truth are futile, all incantations to the contrary notwithstanding. A civilization in which the majority of men and women are seeking "the basis of the new morality", and scamping their jobs meanwhile, is from the nature of the case doomed to misery and to ultimate ruin. Mutual mistrust will be the keynote of it, even as it is in the relations of classes and States at the present hour. Nations so poisoned may form themselves into what "Leagues" you will; they will only hate one another the more bitterly and fight one another the more cruelly for that, nearer acquaintance merely serving the purpose —perhaps useful if it can be done no other way—of revealing to

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each the rottenness of the rest—not the best way, I imagine, of promoting peace on earth and good will among men. A League of Enchanted Nations, each in bondage to the foul lie that the world can be run by tongues, by the invention of formulas for "mending it while you wait", is an unpromising proposition. Its fate was written long ago on the plains of Shinar, when the first "skyscraper" was reared, of sun-baked bricks and with slime for mortar, "that they might make them a name"—which they succeeded in doing, but a name very different from the one they were looking for. It was Confusion—the name which waits for every tongue-driven attempt to scale heaven, the fate of enchanted nations since the world began, and of all Holy Alliances, Ententes, and Leagues of such.

Is not this happening under our very noses? On the one hand are the Conferences, or great "palavers", at Washington, Genoa, The Hague, and where not, constructing "new sanctions" in speeches telegraphed over the world; and around them are the populations bemused by this oratory, men and women comfortably setting the "old sanctions" at naught, from cockcrow to sundown, and assured that all is coming right because (may heaven help us!) the new formulæ, duly voted into omnipotence by the conferences aforesaid, will do the business. Meanwhile France, faced by bankruptcy, and with the heart of Napoleon still beating, unchanged, in her martial bosom, keeps her vast army intact and her powder dry. For what? There are several desperate nations in Europe at the present moment, nearing that point of high danger when, the means of peaceable existence having failed, no alternative to ruin remains but to live on their own resources, trust to conquest and paper money for the rest, fight their way out of the net, and defy the world. "Tempt not a desperate man." Of what force are "incantations" in the face of facts such as these?

It were greatly to be desired that Americans, in common with my own countrymen, should, for the next ten years or so, resolutely turn their backs on the crowd of small writers and other chatterboxes, who are busy in the invention of formulæ for "mending the world while you wait", most of which are mere exercises in metaphor, and restudy the message of Thomas Car-

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lyle, who was really in earnest and knew what he was talking about.

About Americans Carlyle said many things as unjust as they were unpleasant. But about Britons also he said many things which were equally unpleasant, though perhaps less unjust. He was never tired of telling us, for example, that we are "mostly fools", a saying which made him hateful to the Podsnaps of his time, but which our subsequent history has, in the opinion of many, proved to be true. The few wise men among us have forgiven him that long ago; and I suggest that the time has now come when the wise men of America might forgive him for saying that their nation were "mostly bores", and hegin to meditate anew, as many of us are now doing in Britain, with somewhat rueful faces, on the Book of Prophecy he left us. Even his horrible blasphemies about the "Nigger Question" might be overlooked by generous souls in America on the ground that the light that led him astray was undoubtedly light from heaven.

The book of his that I would specially recommend for this purpose of reconciliation and enlightenment is the *Latter Day Pamphlets,* in which I can detect only one really important mistake, the date being given as 1850 instead of 1922. For my own part I find the bitter medicine of that book far more wholesome in our present disorders than the weird and windy prescriptions for mending the world now so plentifully hawked about on both sides of the Atlantic, "by quidnuncs with a smattering of grammar," many of which a wise man would as soon swallow as make his dinner from the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth.*

For example, on opening my weekly paper this morning, the very first thing I light upon (it is a headline) is the following: "The old sanctions for our society have dissolved and we know it; and we know that we must seek new and finer sanctions."

Now, I believe it would be no exaggeration to say that, since the war broke out, I have heard or read that statement, in varying forms, a thousand times. So far it has produced not the slightest effect; nor will produce any, though it be repeated fifty thousand times more, and printed in large type in every newspaper, and shouted from the roof of every house, in Europe and in America—the reason being that it is false. The old sanctions of our society

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have not dissolved: if they had, the writer of the statement would have had no breakfast, no pen or typewriter to write his empty words, no newspaper to print them, and no audience to listen to them or to read them. Whatever the old sanctions of society may have done, they have clearly not dissolved, otherwise there would be no society left to talk about, or to address; there would be nobody, even, to do the talking or the addressing; which last would be no unmitigated evil.

I said, a moment ago, that this type of statement produces no effect. I must now contradict myself. It does indeed produce no effect in the direction we all desire, but it produces a very decided effect in a direction none of us desires. It serves to put off the time when the "new and finer sanctions" come into being. For is it not clear as the sun in heaven that if we begin by treating the old sanctions as "dissolved" we have nothing whatever to guide us in seeking the new? What are the old sanctions of society? Some of them (it will be generally admitted) are to be found in the Ten Commandments; for example: Thou shalt not steal; Thou shalt not murder; Thou shalt not covet; Thou shalt not bear false witness; Thou shalt not commit adultery. There is a story told of a certain British Duke who, when the Commandments were read out to him in his private chapel, used to respond to each of them with a loud and pious "Amen!" But there was one exception—the last on my list. When the Chaplain came to this, the Duke's response was a muttered "Damn". Well, let us damn old sanctions in general. Let us treat them all as dissolved, not forgetting to include the one which forbids us to bear false witness—the pivot of the whole lot in the opinion of many. A pretty posture we are now in for seeking those "new and finer sanctions", which are to bring in the millennial era and the reign of the saints! What wonder that the plain-dealing American or British citizen, as he receives his daily dose of these inanities from his newspaper or his parson, secretly confesses that he hasn't the ghost of a notion what the "new and finer sanctions" are to be; that, for his part, he will leave it to "some other fellow" to find out—meanwhile "wholesomely digesting his pudding" as though nothing had happened.

Since the very outbreak of the war there has been, I repeat, an

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ever increasing flood of futile eloquence pitched in this key. But worse than that. The eloquence in question would not have come into being at all, and would not have increased as it has done, had there not been a demand for it; and there would have been no demand for it had there not been a general belief, among the men and women of both continents, in the magic efficacy of mere talk; a belief, namely that the salvation of men and nations hinges on the discovery of some verbal formula, which has only to be repeated often enough and loudly enough and eloquently enough to exorcise all the devils that plague society and set mankind on its feet steadfastly marching to the Kingdom of Heaven; "mending the world while you wait" and leaving the individual members of society, namely you and me, free to damn the Ten Commandments at our pleasure, to leave our private gardens uncultivated and full of foul weeds—because, forsooth, the salvation of the world will be sufficiently provided for by the magic formula aforesaid, preached from pulpits and disseminated in millions by the printing press. Was there ever a fouler enchantment? It is the characteristic delusion of our times.

From this enchantment Carlyle did his best to deliver the men of his own generation, warning them, in language hot as boiling lava, that enormous calamity was the certain alternative. He failed to convince them. For a long time no calamity arrived, save such as could be easily forgotten in an age become expert in forgetfulness; the staggering world of 1848 recovered its equilibrium; and the lightheads who had mocked the grim old Tartar from the first flung him away as a back number and went a-whoring after a new progeny of verbalisms. From 1850 to 1914 the enchantment deepened. On all sides men sprung up who declared that we must get a "world view"; world viewing accordingly became the fashion; the philosophers, the politicians, the parsons, the Scribes and the Pharisees took it up; the debating societies buzzed with it; every pickpocket was assured of Paradise provided he were equipped with a "world view". On August 1, 1914, the volcano burst and the world viewers and the world views were blown skyhigh together. The long delayed calamity foreseen by Carlyle had arrived.

There need no longer be any hesitation in ascribing the Great

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War, and its horrible sequel in the so-called Peace, to the delusions of an age which had long accustomed itself both to think and to act as though talk could be made to do the business of life. The war was the product of worldwide lying, in which the "world views" formed no small part, especially those that had been worked up in Germany. Not the venial lying which speaks a word untrue to another word, but the mortal, deadly lying where all the words, while beautifully harmonizing with one another, are collectively untrue to reality or fact. The very notion of a "world view", which we were led to believe would be a kind of summarized total, or general conspectus, of all the truth that can be known, is itself a lie of this collective kind, what one might call a "mass lie", and a highly pernicious one. The wisest man that ever drew the breath of life cannot "view" more than an inconceivably small fraction of the world, a significant fraction it is true, just enough to warn him against playing tricks with the Ten Commandments, and no more; the wise man becoming unutterably foolish when he pretends otherwise. What comes of trusting to "world views" to do the business of the world may be abundantly seen in the sorry performance we have already considered, where every writer and speaker, high and low, after explaining his "world view" to admiring sight seers in that line, can think of nothing better than to bellow at his audience to "change their hearts", while making not the least effort to change his own, and with no serious intention of doing so—the world meantime mocking the view he has taken of it and visibly going from bad to worse.

This fundamental lying, which has reproduced itself in an endless progeny of abominable forms, was, I repeat, the underlying cause of the Great War and its sequent calamities. In Germany, where this sort of lying had been developed to a fine art and where the chief adepts in the practice of it were to be found, it produced the trash of Von Bernhardi, Treitschke, Houston Chamberlain and the Kaiser's speeches. In Britain (I say nothing of America) we gave it a more moralized but not less deadly version. Our notion was that the "international situation" is governed by political speeches, protocols, foreign office correspondence, interchange of diplomatic views, and paper treaties

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thence resulting. So long as the "conversations" our diplomats were exchanging with their foreign antagonists were sufficiently astute, and the orations of our Foreign Ministers at Guildhall Banquets sufficiently pacific, and the sermons of our parsons sufficiently saturated in moonshine, it mattered little who broke the Ten Commandments nor how rotten were the bricks we turned out of our kilns. And if anything went wrong, could we not vote it right at the next election? "Give us," we cried, "not bricks but speeches; not bricks without straw, but bricks that are nothing but straw! Has not somebody with a world view proved that war doesn't pay? Give us more of that. Put more eloquence into it; multiply the copies; extend the propaganda; and have your votes ready to back it up. What more do you want? Bricks be damned!"

Thus we went on lying for peace, oblivious of the fact that another nation over the way was lying yet harder for war. The hardier liars carried the day; and then lost it; but not until we, with our moralized lies, had paid for them to the uttermost farthing. Yet it was something to have laid the biggest liars low. Surely we had learned at length the lesson old Thomas strove in the agony of his soul to teach us, that the one thing that never pays in this world is not war but lying! His forebodings had come true. His unheeded warning had been fulfilled. The "back number" had become the last thing out. The swift descent of Europe "into a place I had rather not name" had occurred on a scale of horror beyond his darkest vaticinations. So now we will go back to reality, will we not, to the "elemental veracities", to the Ten Commandments, and to the making of good bricks? The "windy counterfeits", the apostles of "beer and balderdash", the purveyors of "bottled moonshine", the "perorating Chimæras", the prating "flunkeys out of work", the "vociferous blockheads", shall all be sent about their business, and we who have been their victims so long, and paid for it so horribly, will play the part of "enchanted human asses" no more!

Alas, it was not to be! The old enchantment lies upon us deeper than ever; the enchantment which so long has bemused us into believing, and into moral slumber while we believe, that the world is to be saved by phrases, formulæ, big words spelt with

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capitals, and by the expansion of these into eloquent speechifying and sermonizing, by platform and printing press propaganda, by whirlwind campaigns of "mere vocables", by loud discussion and universal voting on the issue. The historian of the future looking for the salient feature of the present times will, I think, single out as more astonishing than anything else this world wide delusion, still obdurately holding its ground in spite of the crushing refutation just given by the war, that the affairs of the world can be managed by the mere interchange of speech between human individuals, by the mere process of saying things, saying them often enough, and saying them altogether, and then voting them true. "I am getting better and better; I am improving in all respects:" repeat the magic formula often enough and the thing will be done. "What was this," the future historian will say, "what was this, blazoned about as the cure for human ills, and the last revelation of science, but a pathetic witness to the general hypnosis that lay upon that generation, to the foul bewitchment that possessed them, to the blind faith that speechifying could be made to do the business of life, that the thing said determined the thing done? No sooner was the war over than the civilized nations, untaught by its stern rebuke, embraced once more the very lie which had just brought them to the verge of utter calamity and well-nigh undone them. Paper schemes for the reconstruction of the world were poured out by the thousand, all at variance, and each with the tag appended 'Codlin's the friend, not Short'; not one of which had ever the faintest chance of materializing into a fact. 'Go to, now,' they cried, 'let us have a great world palaver and settle everything. Our national palavers have indeed made a sorry mess of our affairs; so let us palaver internationally henceforth, on a polyglot basis, with interpreters at hand to reduce the Babel to some common tongue, which most of us imperfectly understand, and so mend all! 'Peace, peace,' shall be the watchword. The palaverers shall repeat it, internationally; they shall duly chant the formula 'We are at peace; we are becoming day by day more peaceable in all respects,' and peace will be. Meanwhile let whoso will remove his neighbor's landmark. Let whoso will bake rotten bricks. The international palaver, backed by adequate 'world views'—of which we

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have dozens ready to suit all fancies—shall henceforth manage this world, shall draw up a new Ten Commandments, and we shall be free to deal with the old Ten—as we have long dealt with them."

God grant that the future historian's description of us may end there! God grant that the next paragraph may not run thus: "And so while they were all busy with these 'world views' and holding wordy tournaments as to which of their formulæ for 'mending the world while you wait' would mend it soonest, the Second Great War broke out and they were all undone."

I have fulfilled the promise with which this article began; the promise, namely, that I would produce a manifest inconsistency and make myself unpleasant into the bargain. I have used the tongue to expose its own aptitude to speak falsehoods—that is the inconsistency—and I have declared my firm belief that we are all befooled—that is the offense. I apologize for neither. If any man knows of a method for breaking the Great Enchantment which does not involve both the inconsistency and the offense, let him step forth and show us what it is. I leave the problem to the psychologists—who have still to solve the problem of "the Cretan liars."

Meanwhile I have a word to those fellow adventurers of mine who are engaged in that great enterprise known as Education. "See to it," I would say, "that you impress upon the rising generation this elemental truth, that the world is built up not by the things men say with their tongues, but by the work they do with their hands. Truth is found, primarily, not in things said but in things done. That every man shall enjoy his day's work and a good article come out of it—there can be no civilization on any other terms. Ground your citizenship upon that. And remember the Ten Commandments."

L. P. Jacks.

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WORLD TROUBLE AND REALISM

BY VERNON KELLOGG

I

THE scientist tries to be a realist. Face to face with phenomena he would like to understand he assures himself that, concerning these phenomena, there are some ascertainable facts to be discovered, some probable conjectures to be made and some wild guesses to be hazarded. He goes first after the ascertainable facts; then he is likely to make some conjectures that seem reasonable, and he may even, if he is of a certain temperament, hazard a few wild guesses. But first he goes after the ascertainable facts.

He may be temperamentally idealist in his outlook on the world. He may be a man of vision—if he is not he will never be a great scientist. His vision may determine for him ideals of human life, personal and social human life, which he thinks human individuals and the human race should strive to attain. But in this striving for ideals he will be realist in method. He will test the methods and measures suggested by other men—and by himself—by his understanding of realities.

Ideal in aim, but realist in method. That is the scientific man. It is not what he studies but how he studies that distinguishes the scientific man from the non-scientific man. The majority of professed or professional scientific men do, to be sure, confine most of their study to the fields of the natural sciences, such as mathematics and astronomy and physics and chemistry and geology and biology. But there are scientific men whose field is in the humanities. There are thoroughgoing scientific students of political economy, political science, sociology, statesmanship, diplomacy, politics in general. But there are not many of them. They can be distinguished from other students or workers or dabblers in these fields by their method, their method of realism.

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I have been much interested in reading the earlier papers in this series. They have impressed on me more strongly than ever the fact that science is different from sociology and ethics and religion and philosophy primarily in its method. That is why there are so few real scientific men in the fields of humanistics. It is much harder to apply rigorously the method of science to the study of mankind than to the study of nitrogen and the boll weevil. Human behavior is almost infinitely more varied and complex in its possibilities and manifestations than the behavior of *Amœba*. Human psychology is very much more difficult to get at scientifically than the tropisms of the *Protozoa* and the instincts of the social insects. But if it and human sociology and human economics and human politics (in its comprehensive sense) are to be got at soundly and certainly, it will have to be, some time or another, by the methods of science: not by the short cut methods of reasonable conjecture and wild guess.

Now the world, facing a sea of industrial, economic and political trouble, is dazed not alone by the quantity of the trouble but by the quality of it. It is dazed by the difficulty it is experiencing in trying to understand just why all this trouble should be; just what the essential elements in it are; just what mysterious perversity or weakness of human mental and spiritual make-up brings it about. For the trouble is obviously man-made trouble —unless we accept the fatalistic conception of our being the mere playthings of cosmic forces or influences quite outside our understanding or, at least, control.

But if this trouble is man-made there ought to be possible man-contrived remedies. To devise these it will be necessary to know the real elements of the trouble. And the method of wild guesses or even reasonable conjectures is not the method to adopt in trying to understand matters. We must go first after the ascertainable facts. We must adopt the method of science.

I should like to believe the confident statement that the adoption of the Golden Rule by all of us would immediately solve all of our problems. And then I should like to believe that somebody can get us all to adopt the Golden Rule as governor of our behavior. But I cannot fully believe either of these things. Different ones among us would interpret the Golden Rule differ-

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ently, and even Christ could not convince all of His hearers to become His followers.

I should like to understand how Russia could ever get into the impossible state it is in. No reasonable conjecture or even wild guess made before the fact would ever have pictured with any accuracy the present impossible situation—which is nevertheless possible because it now exists. I hardly accept as real the reality that I saw in Russia last autumn. I saw things as seemingly unreal, as topsy-turvy, as Alice saw in Wonderland. But I, and others, did see them and it was on a basis of these ascertained realities that Mr. Hoover, who is a scientific man, acted promptly with the result of saving the lives of several million men, women and children.

On the basis of facts that could be ascertained Mr. Hoover could and did act with the result of ameliorating great and distressing trouble. But he is urged all the time now, on a basis of conjecture and guess, to act, or use his influence to have the American Government act, in other ways that would, if the guess is correct, conjecturally further relieve trouble in Russia. But, consistently scientific, he asks for the ascertainable facts on which to base proper action. He cannot commit himself, or help commit the Government, to action on a basis of guess and conjecture. Indeed, the situation in Russia is an outstanding example of the difficulties of knowing things in the realm of human psychology and human behavior in the way the scientific man insists on knowing them, or trying to know them.

But difficult or not, the solution of the problems of economic and political trouble in Russia and world trouble in general will depend on getting at the realities in a scientific way. There must be a basis of realism for planning and carrying out any activity to ameliorate this trouble. That is what I mean to suggest by the title of my paper.

II

What are the criteria of reality? What tests can we apply to things as they seem to determine things as they are? This is no simple and perhaps no certain matter. But there are some grounds for confidence concerning it. The scientific man has a

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test of the reality of things which can be stated rather baldly as the test of betting your life on them. If they stand that test he accepts them as realities.

Philosophers have different attitudes, varying with their "schools", toward material phenomena. There are some who say that the reality of the material things we feel, see, hear, taste or smell lies only in our minds, because it is only the mind perceptions of things that we can certainly know to exist. Few scientific men agree with this. They say that a photographic plate put where it will intercept light waves or a stretched membrane where it will be struck by sound waves will be, respectively, chemically and physically affected by these vibrations in ether and atmosphere. They say further that if one stands on a railway long enough he will first see or hear an approaching reality in the guise of a locomotive, and then, unless he gets off, will feel it. He can bet his life on the reality of this locomotive as revealed to him by his senses. He believes therefore that reality exists outside of mind. He bets his life on it and wins. The philosopher would lose his bet—and life—if he tested his belief to the limit.

The kind of reality represented by the rushing locomotive or by a cyclone or earthquake is reality in the world of nature. But there are catastrophic happenings because of the behavior of human beings in masses, which bring trouble or disaster to themselves or to other people just as the cyclone or earthquake brings disaster. These are realities in the world of human society and civilization. We may also perhaps establish a third category of realities which largely affect human life: realities in the world of morality. As difficult of understanding, compared with the realities of the world of nature, as may be these realities in the worlds of civilization and morality, they nevertheless form a body of actualities that are more or less available to scientific study, study by the scientific method. And it is by that kind of study and by taking the attitude of the realist toward them that any considerable progress can be made toward solving the problems which these realities in the realm of civilization and morality may pose to mankind. An attention to these problems from the point of view and by the method of the scientific realist can lead to

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specific recommendations for activity in relation to these problems. Any other method will lead only to generalities, which may excite emotion but do not specifically direct it how to discharge itself in definite behavior.

III

Take, for example, the pressing problem of the debts of the European nations, including the German reparations. Whatever one's feelings, whatever one's desires or hopes, whatever one's probable conjectures and hazarded guesses, there can be, in them alone, no really sound basis for decision and action. The sound basis must rest on the actual ascertainment of facts, of realities as determined by scientific method of study. Sympathy with Belgium and France, suspicion and hatred of Germany, cannot be the fundamental basis of a successful solution of the problem. The basis must be facts of business, economics, politics and psychology. If these facts—which, of course, will not be easy to ascertain but many of which nevertheless can be ascertained—if these facts show that it is not possible for Germany to pay the thirty billions of dollars now represented by her A, B and C reparations bonds, then a solution on the basis of the present arrangement, dictated by too little knowledge of facts and too much influence of conjectures and emotions, is impossible. If, because Germany cannot pay so much to France, Belgium, Italy, Great Britain, *et al.*, these nations cannot pay their debts to the United States, then there is no use in determining our attitude in this matter by feelings, even if these feelings rest on apparent fairness and justice. We must determine our attitude and decision on the basis of the realities. If, despite Germany's inability to pay England and France, England can pay us but France cannot, then no matter about the apparent unfair discrimination on our part as between our two debtors, that discrimination is warranted on a basis of realism. It has been suggested that it would be a *beau geste* on our part to cancel the debts, collectable or uncollectable. If this is done simply as a *beau geste* dictated by emotion it would seem to be an unscientific solution of a great problem. But numerous economists claim that such an action would be of an actual financial or economic advantage to us. If this is a fact,

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then a decision on this basis to cancel the debts would be a solution dictated by facts; a solution based on scientific realism.

These statements have an unpleasant suggestion of crass materialism, of ugly sordidness, about them. Does the scientific method of acting on a basis of facts, a basis of scientific realism, leave no place for the ameliorating influence of idealism in the determination of our attitude and action concerning the present world trouble, or any other world trouble to come? It does. For idealism is also a scientific fact. It has a reality in the human mind and heart. It has played and will continue to play a positive and important part in the progressive evolution of human kind.

Altruism, or mutual aid as the biologists call it, has been, and is, an important biological factor in organic evolution, especially in human evolution. The present evolutionary status of the human race has been reached on a basis of mutual aid as well as of mutual fight. It is particularly in the social evolution of man, as contrasted with his strictly biological evolution, that altruism has shown its important and benign effects. And as the evolution of the race through historic and pre-historic times as far back at least as from 25,000 years ago, has been chiefly, if not almost wholly, determined by the factors of social evolution rather than by those of biological evolution, and will continue so to be determined, and as idealism is one of the most outstanding among these factors of social evolution, it is certain—and this certainty is recognized by scientific men—that idealism and its effects are among the realities of human life.

Therefore the canceling of the debts of our European debtors without regard to the immediate influence such an action might have on our own financial or economic situation, an action which we have earlier spoken of as a possible *beau geste* dictated by emotion, this emotion in its turn expressing our idealism, might after all perhaps logically be justified on a basis of scientific realism, for such realism recognizes idealism as a fact. It is a positive influencing factor in human behavior and its indulgence or encouragement as an important factor in guiding us in our actions is a useful thing, because it helps to insure the permanency and augment the strength of this benign element in human evolution. Hence in any search for the fundamental facts on which

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we are to base our attempt to solve the problem of present world-trouble, we must take into account the existence of idealism in human nature.

Thus we do not exclude in the scientific or realistic method of studying the present world trouble, to the end of trying to find a solution for the problem it presents, the recognition of idealistic factors contributing either to the trouble or to its amelioration. Only, we must treat them as we treat other realities. We must discover them as specific things and try to understand their significance, just as we discover and try to understand the significance of other categories of facts.

Perhaps the facts, when all, or enough on which to base action, are discovered, will indicate to us not the desirability of a partial cancellation of the German reparations and the complete or partial cancellation of the European debts to the United States, but the setting up of a general moratorium for five, or less or more, years of all war debts. Within this time perhaps the wheels of world industry could get to turning again, and the economic and financial situation of now practically bankrupt nations be restored.

Here are two alternative conjectural solutions for a single great problem; conjectural, but neither one perhaps yet clearly indicated by ascertained facts. The conjectures may be helpful, as hypotheses are to the scientific student; but, also like the hypotheses, they are only stimulants to finding the facts. The facts when found may point to some quite different action.

IV

What is wanted then in this time of world trouble—as in all time—are the facts, and then prompt, vigorous and honest action on their basis. At the Peace Conference there were many expert fact-finders. There was an American swarm of them in the *Hotel Crillon*, a British swarm in the *Majestic*, a Belgian swarm in the *Lotti*, and so on. And these swarms found out and listed many important facts pertinent to the problems involved in the peace settlement. But, unfortunately, the action on the basis of the facts was neither prompt, vigorous nor wholly honest. The action which followed the fact-collecting was not based on the facts found. Considerations of presumed economic and political self-

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interest, strong emotions, and points of view derived from conjecture and guess, played a dominant or, at least, too important part in determining the action of the peace dictators. A war to assure peace was followed by a peace that assured war.

There has been continuous war since the end of the Peace Conference. Perhaps, indeed, the pessimists' declaration that war is inevitable is true. But it is not proved. A peace based on realism might not have been followed by war. It was a wrong peace and futile because it was not based on realities; it brazenly flew in the face of realities; it ignored the scientific method.

So we have a worse world trouble than we had before the war. And this worse world trouble will continue to get worse as long as those who attempt its solution overlook the method of realism. It, or phases of it, may be temporarily ameliorated. America has devoted fifty million dollars to the food relief of Russia: a beautiful charity. Five or ten million Russians are alive now because of it, who would otherwise have now been dead. But this beautiful charity has done little or nothing to solve the real Russian trouble—and it has not pretended to.

Well, I have tried to set out a scientific man's reaction to the problem posed by the present world trouble. It is the same reaction that he exhibits in the face of any problem. He feels that world problems and laboratory problems are qualitatively alike, however greatly they may differ quantitatively. And they are to be attacked by the same method of attack. One may be immeasurably more complex than the other; that makes no difference, except in difficulty; the method of attack is the same. It is the method of realism.

VERNON KELLOGG.

[*With this article and that preceding it*—The Great Enchantment—*our series on World Restoration after the World War, which began in the August number, is ended. We are confident that our readers will be gratified, as we are, at the intrinsic merit, the commanding interest, and the helpful suggestion of the articles, which in their reception have more than warranted our high anticipations regarding them.*—THE EDITORS.]

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"CANADA'S NATIONAL STATUS": A REPLY

BY JOHN S. EWART

ALLEGING that with reference to Canada's national status "ignorant misinterpretations are abroad which need to be challenged", Professor Kennedy contributed recently to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW an article with a view to making "clear to foreign nations, especially to the United States", what that status is. The task is difficult. The relation between the United Kingdom and Canada is anomalous and fluid. No known political term or phrase can describe it. The legalities are sharply contradicted by the acknowledged conventions. That Canada has no power to do this or that may be admitted, but that she does it must be added. Under these circumstances, definition is impossible, and all that can be done is (1) to relate accurately the facts bearing upon Canada's status, and (2) to note their tendency. In both of these respects, there are points in Professor Kennedy's article which "need to be challenged".

The chief of these, and that which is of principal interest in the United States, relates to the treaty power. Upon that subject the Professor (referring to Lord Ripon's dispatch) says:

> Finally regulations were drawn up in 1895 which hold the field substantially to the present time. Any treaty must be made between the Imperial Government, not the Dominion of Canada, and the foreign State concerned. Since final responsibility must remain with Great Britain, independent powers of negotiation could not be granted to Canada. Negotiations must be conducted by the British representative aided by Canadian representatives as second plenipotentiaries or as subordinates. Any treaty which might be concluded would be signed by the plenipotentiaries only after its terms had been approved by the Imperial and Canadian Governments. It would ultimately be ratified by the Crown acting on the advice of the British Cabinet, if the Canadian Government so desired; or, in the event of legislation being requisite to make its terms effective, if the Canadian Parliament so desired. Conditions of negotiation were laid down: concessions made to any foreign Power must be

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made to any other foreign Power having by existing treaties most-favored-nation rights in Canada; any concessions so made must be extended without compensation to all British possessions; no concessions must be accepted from a foreign Government which would be prejudicial to other parts of the Empire.

To say that all this holds "the field substantially to the present time" is to ignore everything that has subsequently happened. Twelve years after the Ripon dispatch.[1] Sir Edward Grey when referring to the Franco-Canadian negotiations at Paris said:

I do not, however, think it necessary to adhere in the present case to the strict letter of this regulation, the object of which was to secure that negotiation should not be entered into, and carried through, by a colony unknown to and independently of His Majesty's Government. The selection of the negotiator is principally a matter of convenience, and in the present instance it will obviously be left to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and to the Canadian Minister of Finance, who will doubtless keep you informed of their progress.

Upon this occasion, two Canadian ministers carried on the negotiations, quite independently of the British Foreign Office, and after agreement had been reached, one of them wrote to the Foreign Secretary saying that the treaty was nearly ready and asking that arrangements might be made for its signature without delay. This marked advance upon 1895 was acclaimed in the United Kingdom as well as in Canada.

Following up that precedent, and acting quite independently, Canada has carried on a series of negotiations with foreign countries—with France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and, principally, with the United States. Under a treaty with the United States (1910) a permanent International Joint Commission, composed of three Americans and three Canadians (appointed by Canada), has dealt with and successfully settled a large number of questions between the two countries, and made no report of its proceedings to the Foreign Office. Canada has moved a long way from the Ripon notions, and not the least attention is paid to his "conditions of negotiation" to which the Professor refers. Canada makes such treaty arrangements as please her.

[1] Only three years after the Ripon dispatch (1898) a High Joint Commission was appointed for the settlement of questions with the United States upon which there were four Canadians and only one British representative. Ripon was out of office and his ideas already out of date.

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With reference to "strictly political treaties", Professor Kennedy declares:

> there has been no fundamental advance in this period, as international responsibility must lie with Great Britain.

But he overlooks not only the secular work of the International Joint Commission, but the fact that in political treaties, as in commercial treaties, there has of late years been inserted a clause providing that Canada is not bound by them unless she assents to them. The Professor refers to such a provision in commercial treaties as a "development". He is undoubtedly right, and it is true also of political treaties, for it gives to Canada a negative control of her relations with foreign Powers. The Anglo-Japanese treaties of 1894 and 1911, for example, contained the reservation of Canada's option, and the negotiations with Japan for Canadian adhesion to the treaties were carried on, partly by a Canadian minister at Tokio and partly at Ottawa, without any interference from London. Of greater significance is the fact that the treaty between the United Kingdom and France of 28 June 1919, providing for war-assistance to France as against Germany, contained the following clause:

> The present treaty shall impose no obligation upon any of the Dominions of the British Empire unless and until it is approved by the parliament of the Dominion concerned.

It is noteworthy that this provision contemplates the possibility of Canada abstaining from participation in a war in which the United Kingdom would be engaged. And of still greater significance, from one point of view, is the fact that the treaty of Versailles and the other peace treaties were not deemed to be complete until ratified by the parliaments of the Dominions.

Referring to "foreign affairs", the Professor says:

> In spite of all the phrases which have passed into currency, Canada has no international status. . . . Canada cannot negotiate directly with a foreign country in the political or any other important sphere. If negotiations are necessary, or called for, or Canada is vitally interested, the Crown will act on Ministerial advice with the consent of the Canadian Government.

Mr. Kennedy did not forget the arrangement for the appointment of a Canadian Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington, but he

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throws it aside, saying that "the diplomatic unity of the Empire has been expressly preserved". When announcing the terms of the arrangement, Mr. Bonar Law said (in part):

> Accordingly it has been agreed that his Majesty, on the advice of his Canadian Ministers, shall appoint a Minister Plenipotentiary who will have charge of Canadian affairs, and will be at all times the ordinary channel of communication with the United States Government in matters of purely Canadian concern, acting upon instructions from and reporting direct to the Canadian Government. In the absence of the Ambassador, the Canadian Minister will take charge of the whole Embassy and of the representation of Imperial as well as Canadian interests. He will be accredited by his Majesty to the President with the necessary powers for the purpose. This new arrangement will not denote any departure either on the part of the British Government or of the Canadian Government from the principle of the diplomatic unity of the British Empire.

The obvious deduction from this is that "the principle of the diplomatic unity of the British Empire" has sustained something of a shock by the institution of a practice disruptive of it.

Not only has Canada, in this respect, acquired one of the elements of international status, but her elevation (her partial or qualified elevation) has been recognized by the Powers signatory of the Versailles Peace Treaty. In this connection, Professor Kennedy says:

> Canada is a distinct member of the League of Nations with the right to representation on its council, and again: Canada has a separate status within the Empire, but contingent on its position as a constituent part of the British Empire.

The contingency is nowhere expressed in the Covenant, and various of the clauses are inconsistent with its existence. Note, for example, articles 1, 10, 11, 16, 23. Whether, however, in this respect the Professor's view or mine be correct, is not, for the present, very important. All that is here insisted upon is that the assertions that "Canada has no international status", and that

> Canada cannot negotiate directly with a foreign country in the political or any other important sphere

require qualification (1) because of her right to appoint a Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington who

> will be at all times the channel of communication with the United States Government in matters of purely Canadian concern;

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(2) because of her position as a member of the League of Nations; and (3) because of the relations of other of the Dominions to the League of Nations as Mandatories making reports to the League. Italy's invitation to attend the recent Genoa Conference came direct to Canada.

The Professor is undoubtedly right when he declares that "as the law of nations now stands Canada is not a sovereign state", but if so, why does he speak of the period subsequent to 1914 as—

the period of national manhood suddenly matured by the most tragic events of history;

and why, without warning of its inaccuracy, does he tell us, when referring to the effect of the war, that—

The Prime Minister of Canada emphasized the situation. The English Premier was only *primus inter pares*, and Canada was Great Britain's constitutional equal, preserving its full autonomy and its complete self-government, carrying on diplomatic correspondence no longer through the Colonial Office but directly with the Prime Minister of Great Britain?

I am not aware that Sir Robert Borden has said that "Canada was Great Britain's constitutional equal", but if he did, he was clearly wrong, for the United Kingdom is a sovereign state and Canada is not. That Sir Robert made the statement as to correspondence is almost certainly not correct. All that has happened in that respect is that the Premiers agreed that (as appears in the official announcement)—

It has therefore been decided that for the future the Prime Ministers of the Dominions, as members of the Imperial War Cabinet, shall have the right to communicate on matters of Cabinet importance direct with the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, whenever they see fit to do so.

Save for the infrequent interchange of communications between the Premiers "on matters of Cabinet importance", the correspondence continues as before.

Although the Professor declares that "it is necessary to walk carefully" when dealing with "consultations" during the war, he disregards his warning. Had he been writing for British or Canadians only, he might possibly plead common carelessness of expression for saying that—

Canadian Ministers became members of the Imperial War Cabinet created by Mr. Lloyd George,

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Lord Milner having regretfully recanted his use of the misleading phrase "Imperial War Cabinet", saying "I see I am in a minority" (*The Times*, 20 July 1921), there is little excuse for continuing it. And there is none at all for the statement that the decisions of the Prime Ministers–

remained mere decisions until concurred in by the Imperial and Dominion Cabinets.

The meetings were (as the report for 1917 declares)—

for deliberation about the conduct of the war, and for the discussion of the larger issues of imperial policy connected with the war (p. 7).

For translation into operation, the decisions could not, and did not await the concurrence of the five widely separated cabinets.

Mr. Kennedy's ideas as to the only method by which Canada could separate herself from the United Kingdom are original, but of doubtful validity. It would necessitate, he thinks, (1) a British statute, and (2) "agreement on the part of the other constituent members of the Empire". The Professor forgets that when the thirteen American colonies separated from the British Crown there was no British statute. If Canada chose to declare her independence,[1] the British Government could either endeavor, by military effort, to subdue her (he rightly agrees that that would not be attempted), or recognize the indisputable right of such a community as Canada to be independent if it so desired. Concurrence on the part of the British Parliament would be acceptable, but quite unnecessary. In support of the astonishing assertion that common action of the British and Canadian Parliaments would be ineffective without the assent of Australia, New Zealand, etc., the Professor refers to the League of Nations, which, he declares binds every member of the Empire to preserve its territorial integrity. Article X does indeed provide that members of the League are—

to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity . . . of all members of the League,

but when the Professor says that—

the Covenant binds Canada with other members of the Empire to preserve th e territorial integrity of the Empire,

[1] The Professor declares that Canada could not enact separative legislation because the Crown could not assent. The Thirteen Colonies were in the same case. But nobody thought that legislation was necessary.

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he overlooks the qualifying words "as against external aggression". The clause has no application to internal disruption.

Referring to Canada's political future, the Professor denies that—

> the logic of the situation leaves Canada with the alternative of complete independence or permanent inferiority of status.

We may agree with what he says about the division of sovereign powers (while retaining our view as to the impartibility of sovereignty), but it is difficult to follow him when, from that, he argues that—

> We need not therefore despair of the unity of the British Empire because Canada and its other constituents, as they attain political manhood, claim a political sovereignty of their own. . . .
>
> Why then, we may well ask, should not the British Empire remain a unity although the aspirations of its parts for autonomy find the complete expression they may desire?

The reason, of course, is that although in theological discussion we bow our ignorant heads before the doctrine of three and yet only one, we confidently assert in other realms that one is one and two are not one. That there can be two communities, each possessed of (complete) political sovereignty, and yet that they can in some way be regarded as parts of a united empire, is an assertion which, for its acceptance, requires much more exposition than the Professor supplies. It cannot be sufficient to declare that—

> the final unity of any State is to be sought not within the form of government at all but in the concensus of political opinion, in the communal will which sets up and pulls down the instruments of political power.

Sovereignty certainly may be sought in that direction, but "concensus of political opinion" has no relation to political unity. Political unity frequently exists, and for many years continues, in spite of discord in "the communal will", and there may be concensus of political opinion in two states between which there is not a trace of political ligament. No word-juggling will ever make a political unit out of two (completely) sovereign states. It would be interesting if the Professor, besides asserting the contrary, would indicate what in that case would be the relations between the several parts of the one, and between the parts

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and the whole. If each state is to be sovereign, and therefore independent of the other; if there is to be neither superiority nor inferiority; if in reality there are two unrelated States, in what can their political unity consist? If the question is curious, it must be charged to the existence of incongruity between the Professor's view of political unity and customary mathematical prejudices. And I add a further question: If "complete independence" and "permanent inferiority of status" are not the only alternatives, what is the other? There is none. For remove inferiority, establish equality, and the result *is* independence. In other words, Canada's equality of status with the United Kingdom *is* Canadian independence. If Sir Robert Borden has said that "Canada was Great Britain's constitutional equal", very many Canadians would be glad if he could make good the assertion.

JOHN S. EWART.

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"WHERE THE YOUNG CHILD WAS"

BY JOHN H. FINLEY

DISCOVERERS have had in turn the persecution, the recognition, and finally the praise of the world: Persecution, because they have disturbed its beliefs, its conventions or the prerogatives of the few,—from the days of Prometheus, the fire-bringer, to the days of Darwin, the evolutionist; recognition, beginning usually with the devotion of a little circle of disciples—as of The Twelve; and widening in due time to praise, that reaches often wherever the history of mankind is read. These discoverers have girded up their loins like a man and answered correctly most of the questions which the Lord put out of the whirlwind to Job, who in his ignorance could but abhor himself, and call himself vile. They have not only "perceived the breadth of the earth", but they have actually put a girdle about it and in one-thousandth of the forty minutes of Ariel's fancy; they have found the father of the rain and the dew and the mother of the ice and hoary frost. They have even ascended to the sky and loosed the bands of Orion by measuring Betelgeuse, and, going in the direction of the infinitesimal, have tracked force into the heart of the invisible atom.

But in this westward Odyssean voyage in discovery of the unknown, there has been much lost that was once known; some of the precious past has been buried under the eager and ever westward-looking present. So have come, in the wake of the discoverers, the "recoverers"; yet not in their wake, as gleaners, for the recoverers are the eastward-facing adventurers. They have gone back over the course of Empire, back over the hard way of science, back over the path of Christendom to the places where the Wise Men of old saw the Star which came and stood over "where the young Child was" who gave Christendom its name and history, its date for reckoning all events in the universe.

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At this season, we remember particularly those who have "recovered" the little land which embraces holy places of three great faiths and the most holy places of two of these. First among these recoverers, of course, is he who has delivered the land itself from the hand of the Turk and his usually oppressive, often cruel and always unenlightened rule—General Allenby, whose name should be written in fame's list along with those early recoverers, Joshua and Deborah and David. He would not allow himself to be called a Crusader, though his achievement deserves more even than is written in epic praise of the early Crusaders in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered.*

But Lord Allenby's recovery of the land is, after all, as is true of every discovery, of value only if it be put to some higher human uses. It will not be enough that the few hundred thousand people who live there—about as many as there are in Cleveland, Ohio, or in Baltimore, Maryland, or in St. Louis, Missouri—shall live in greater freedom, comfort and happiness. It will not be enough that the desert parts again blossom as the rose, and become as fruitful as gardens of Solomon. It would not be a satisfying recovery even if the quiet cities should be developed into industrial centers by the western sons of Tubal Cain (the ancient "forger of every cutting instrument of brass and iron"), with their smoking chimneys and mills whose noise would be heard above the sound of the grinding of millstones.

The land will be fully recovered only if its spiritual values be exploited for all nations and peoples. If every man, woman and child, whose religion traces its origin from or its way through that land, were to become a stockholder in the "glorious company of the apostles", and purchase even an infinitesimal material interest in that land, it would quicken their spiritual interest in that which has come out of it. If they could recover the glory which enhaloed the land in childhood, like the light of the Shechinah, for millions of them it would make the place "where the Child was" a real sanctuary again for the broken world. For the world must go all the way back to religion for its own recovery. We must, as Amiel said, continue to adore that which dwells beyond the seeing and hearing even of science, for when adoration ceases and the desire of the mind fails, the life of the

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world shrinks to the visible, the audible and the palpable, whose walls become a tomb. Only faith finds a satisfying end for the journey of man, begun when he first saw a Star in the East and knelt in worship. A few days ago, there was uncovered in a village just across the plain of Jezreel from Nazareth—less than thirty miles away—the marble sarcophagus of a cousin of Herod the Great, who was no doubt alive when the Child was born Whom Herod sought to destroy. This is said to be the only contemporary record so far found of that eventful day. It is the tomb of one who, if he did not join in the slaughter of the innocents, did not go to worship at Bethlehem, with the Wise Men and the Shepherds.

The Western Wise Men of science need to take their occidental gifts back to the same place to which the Wise Men came from the East. The adoration of these Western Magi would be the worshipful offering by the chemist, the biologist, the physicist, of their discoveries for the recovery and advancement of that doctrine and practice of human brotherhood announced on one of the hills of Galilee.

I passed that hill in the dawn of a day immediately after the Battle of Armageddon in the autumn of 1918. The land was as the house in the parable from which the unclean spirit had been driven forth. I thought, as I then wrote, that it was the beginning of the thousand years of peace. The house has since been swept and garnished, but if it be not filled with the spirit that breathed in the Sermon on the Mount, the unclean spirit will find its way back, bringing its seven companions with it. And the last state of that house will be worse than the first. Lest that fate come upon this little land, whatever may befall the rest of Western Asia that seems about to come again under the unrestrained rule of the Turk, the people of the nations of Christendom should unite to keep it a holy place, into which nothing that defileth or maketh a lie or worketh an abomination shall enter—a place into which the nations shall bring their glory and honor, a spiritual home not for any one people or race or nation, but for all whose faith looks toward Bethlehem, or whose windows open toward Jerusalem, or whose pilgrim thoughts find their way to the Dome of the Rock.

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There is need of a new Crusade, not of Christian against Jew or Moslem for the recovery of the Holy Land, but of Christian, Jew and Moslem united against the material forces that would make man forget the spiritual ends of existence, for the recovery of faith—of that for which this land is a symbol.

In our Western civilization, we have daily traveled farther from the East, like the Youth of Wordsworth's ode journeying into Manhood; but in so doing we have again reached the East, the place where the Star was seen, that came and stood over "where the Young Child was". It is now a time for recovering the vision splendid, which for so many seems to be dying away into the light of common day.

JOHN H. FINLEY.

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THE PRIEST AND PAN

BY MARY-LAPSLEY CAUGHEY

(*The scene is a quiet valley, Arcadian and softly green. A grey haze hangs over it, save where in the distance mountains appear, shining with a far-off light.* Pan *is singing. A* Priest *stands listening to him.*)

PAN

O Youth! Youth! Youth! Deliciousness that knows
Nothing of weariness, which like a rose
Is sweet and vivid, living happily.
O Youth! Youth! Youth! What is eternity?

THE PRIEST

Listen, O Pan. 'Tis time to stop your play.
Already evening closes on bright day
And you have done no deed of grace, no work
Such as the Father wills. . . .

PAN

See, where there lurk
In these soft hours the memories of love.
The earth, the air, the trees that wave above
My head, whisper of languor, ease and rest,
Of a white nymph who flees with sun-warmed breast.

THE PRIEST (*chanting*)

Lord, have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep Thy law.

PAN (*singing uneasily*)

O Mountains, shining, silver-fair,
Would my goat-hoofs could lead me where
You glitter. Would that I might be
High-seated on you, or in glee
Could gallop over your blue slopes,
Finding within your woods strange hopes,
New flowers and rare, fantastic sights,
Other sweet nymphs, and odd delights.

THE PRIEST

Dominus vobiscum,
Et cum spiritu tuo,
Per omnia sæcula sæculorum.

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PAN (*stopping his song*)

What song is that? I do not like its sound.

THE PRIEST

Pan, child of God, listen while I propound
The will of God, how He would save mankind.
He would not let you stray in darkness, blind
To His Divinity—

PAN (*breaking in*)

Divinity! That is the Youth in me.
Ah, I am young and I am glad to be
Free of the hills and meadows, to touch flowers,
To live in idleness for endless hours.
Divinity is Youth, Song, gracious Ease;
A perfect trinity these three, and these
I worship, worship laughingly,
Singing
Divinity, Youth, Ease—Divinity!

THE PRIEST

Stop, Pan! O Pan, Pan, you have played too long.

PAN

You say that when you hear my lovely song?

THE PRIEST

Songs do not matter. It is prayers that count,
Prayers to the Father on His holy mount.

PAN (*singing*)

What is Song that it should be
Living till eternity?
After we poor singers die,
Why should it have wings to fly?
Song is such a little thing;
Words which have a lovely ring;
Tiny phrases which the mind
Fashions carefully to bind
Beauty for an instant. So,
Song's a thing which will not grow
Old or die. Song still lives on
After we who sing are gone.

THE PRIEST

If in your songs you praise the God Who made
You after His own image, gave you aid

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To rise above your weakness and to be,
With grace, immortal to eternity . . .

PAN

Immortal? Beauty, Beauty alone is so.
All else, alas, must quickly fade. And, lo!
Even that gracious Beauty which the soft flesh wears
Withers and faints too soon. The rose that bears
Its wide-spread crimson crown most proudly, dies.
And mortal man who deems himself so wise?
His lovely body dies like that bright flower.
Only the Beauty of his dreams has power
To outlive him in some vicarious way;
In poem, or picture, stately masque or play,
Immortal. Beauty, Beauty alone is so.

THE PRIEST

Be still! Be still! O Pan, you do not know
What you are saying. Hear, and sing of God.

PAN

Beauty is Youth, and Youth is God.

THE PRIEST

No, no! Attend.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments."

(Pan *sits silent, overwhelmed by the flow of words.*)

Know then, that through Christ's love alone is life, that He is the Saviour of this world. Without Him the world will live in darkness, damned to hell-fire, if it does not accept His saving grace.

(Pan *crouches as if to make off.* The Priest *puts out a restraining hand and touches him.*)

PAN (*crying out*)

Aie, aie! Lord Christ whom this man bids me seek,
Hear me, I pray you, hear me when I speak!
Take . . . take this horror from my sight!
Take him away. . . . Great is your might.
I cannot understand his talk of you.
I only pipe because the sky is blue
And I am happy . . . I do not know
How to address you, Christ.

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(*He struggles vainly to escape the* Priest)
Aie, let me go!
Call off your servant, Christ, who are his King.
Christ, do you hear? I only want to sing!
(*The sky goes black; a thunder clap is heard. When it is light again, the* Priest *is alone; the mist has cleared.*)

THE PRIEST

Ah, what a nightmare! What a hideous thing!
I dreamed I heard the pagan god, Pan, sing.

ACIDPOINT

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Such is the pure sharp cutting of the air
To crying beauty that the seagulls know;
And such the white teeth and rebellious hair
Of every undertow.

Lovely as steel, lonelier than all pride,
Hard, glittering, trenchant, bitterly wonderful—
Such is the laughter of each ebbing tide,
The mewing of each gull.

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GEORGES DUHAMEL

POET, PACIFIST, AND PHYSICIAN

BY JOSEPH COLLINS

THE world is thronged with people who are busying themselves with world-ordering. They may be divided into two great groups: those who believe that it is to be brought about by revolution, and those who are convinced that it is to be accomplished by following the instructions given by the Master to the lawyer who asked the question: "Which is *the* great commandment in the law?" The former are called Bolshevists, the latter Pacifists; and both terms are habitually used derisively. Among the latter there are few more conspicuous in France than Georges Duhamel, a physician by profession, a litterateur by choice, who at thirty-eight finds himself in a commanding position in French letters. I recently had opportunity to spend an hour with this brilliant young man, and it occurs to me that a summary of his aspirations and an estimate of his accomplishments may be of interest.

His history is brief. Early success, like a happy country, does not furnish history. He was born in Paris in 1884, the son of a physician and the grandson of a farmer. This evolution from farmer to litterateur in three generations, M. Duhamel says, is common in France; indeed in all Central Europe. His tastes seem to have been largely influenced, if not formed, by the setting and atmosphere with which his father's profession surrounded his early life. Until he was mobilized in 1914 M. Duhamel had not practiced medicine. Even as a youth he had experienced the literary urge and felt that eventually he would succumb to it. He, however, devoted himself to the sciences and to medicine in the firm belief that such study provides the best preparation for the vocation of literature. In this M. Duhamel is in full accord with another famous theoretical world-orderer, Mr. H. G. Wells, but in disagreement with a practical one, Mr. Charles E. Hughes.

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"One does not learn life from letters, but from life, through seeing suffering and death," said he when asked of the factors that influenced him to abandon medicine for letters.

In the midst of his studies as a youth he had what he now calls a strange adventure. "I spent much time in the society of friends: writers, painters and sculptors. All of us were animated by a strong desire to withdraw from society as it was constituted. Although we were not Fourierites, we decided to form a phalanstery in which we could live a community life, each one taking part in the work and in the joy of living in an atmosphere adapted to our tastes and our professions. We agreed to make our living by means of manual work, and to abolish the relation of master and servant. We decided to adopt the trade of typography, which would permit us to advance our art. Through mutual economies we bought a printing press and our first books were published by '*L'Abbaye de Creteil*', as our little publishing house was called. The phalanstery was disbanded for financial reasons, but we had a taste of an agreeable life, independent, oftentimes difficult, but in many respects quite ideal."

When asked about his earliest literary productions and why he essayed poetry rather than prose, he replied: "Generally speaking, all writers begin with poetry and gradually forsake metre. Our little group wanted to initiate a great literary epoch and we believed that this could be done only by creating an atmosphere favorable to intellectual work." He might have borrowed the reply of Socrates when Cebes asked the same question: "For I reflect that a man who means to be a poet has to use fiction and not facts for his poems." M. Duhamel's training had been in facts, and his greatest success in letters has been in the recording of facts. His smallest success has been in establishing postulates based upon them.

In 1909 M. Duhamel received his degree in medicine, and shortly after appeared the four plays which, with his poetry, *Des Legendes, Des Batailles*, a collection of verse published by "*L'Abbaye*" in 1907; *L'Homme en Tete*, in 1909; *Selon ma Loi*, in 1910; and *Compagnons*, in 1912, gave him a definite place in the literary hierarchy. These plays were *La Lumiere*, which appeared in 1911; *Dans l'Ombre des Statues*, in 1912; *Le Combat*, a sym-

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bolic drama in *vers libres*, in 1912; and *L'Oeuvre des Athletes*, in 1920. All of these were produced on the Paris stage and all save the last have appeared in translations by Sasha Best in *Poet Lore*, in 1914 and 1915.

These dramas, as well as his early poetry, show the influence of Walt Whitman. His message is conveyed through the medium of symbolism, his method being to create types rather than individual studies and his purpose to bring art closer to the masses. The result, as might have been expected, is drama of no great popularity.

Almost simultaneously with his work as poet and dramatist M. Duhamel achieved prominence as a critic. For some years he was critic of poetry for *Le Mercure de France*, and his articles contributed to that publication were collected in book form in 1914 under the title of *Les Poetes et la Poesie*. His earliest critical work, however, was a collaboration with M. Charles Vildrac, called *Mots sur la Technique Poetique. Propos Critique*, published in 1912, is largely devoted to comments on the efforts of the younger and, at that time, comparatively unknown writers, and it is of special interest that many of these writers are now famous. *Paul Claudel: le philosophe—le poete—l'ecrivain—le dramaturge*, published in 1913, is considered by some of M. Duhamel's admirers as the best of his critical works, marked as it is by the same gifts of analysis and charm of style which distinguished his briefer critical writings.

It is, however, chiefly with his work since the beginning of the war, and the direction which his ideas and aims have taken under the influence of the war, that this article is concerned.

When the war broke out it found Georges Duhamel—then about thirty years of age—intent upon his literary work: poetry, criticism, interpretation, which had put him in the first rank of litterateurs of his country. Mobilized in the Medical Corps, he first went to Verdun and found himself in the thick of the carnage, but he was soon transferred to the Marne, where in the comparative quiet of a hospital he was able to make the observations and write the reflections which have carried his name through the civilized world. During the war he produced four remarkable volumes: *Vie des Martyrs* (*The New Book of Martyrs*), *Civilisation*, *Posses-*

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sion du Monde (*The Heart's Domain*), and *Entretiens dans le Tumulte* (*Interviews in the Tumult*); four of the most noteworthy and important books inspired by the war.

Plunged at once into the great war hopper whose purpose was to reduce all human material to a homogeneous mass that would furnish energy for the war machine, M. Duhamel preserved his perspective and his individual outlook both upon the war and upon life. Nothing illustrates this so strikingly as some of his stories in *Civilisation*, gathered from scenes with which he came into contact after he had become a seasoned soldier.

No stronger proof is needed of the essential wholesomeness and strength of M. Duhamel's make-up than the fact that while these stories and those of *Vie des Martyrs* were inspired by the horrors of the war, they do not depict horrors, nor do they create an atmosphere of horror. It is not the picture of healthy men in the flower of youth, in the vigor of virility, fed to the war machine and left lacerated and broken, that M. Duhamel impresses upon the imaginations of his readers. It was thus that he had seen them in the first days of the siege of Verdun, in an improvised ambulance where from minute to minute new torments developed to increase their previous torments, while the fragile roof over their heads became a great resounding board for the projectiles of the besiegers and the besieged. He had, however, the vision to see them in another light, and he was filled with pity and admiration for the French *poilu*. It is these two emotions, rather than horror, which make the atmosphere and color of the two books of war stories. He sensed the significance of pain and saw the reactions of strong men to suffering. He saw man in his agony give the lie to the most misleading of all statements: that men are born equal, for neither in living nor in dying is there equality. Men are equal we trust before God, and they are alleged to be equal before the law, but after that equality of man does not exist. It was this book particularly that made M. Duhamel the interpreter of the poor, the obscure, the stupid, the inarticulate. With an unerring intuition he reaches the soul. His sympathies are so large, his understanding so comprehensive, and his reflection of them so complete, that his readers suffer with the suffering. It seems impossible to depict the sufferings of these poor martyrs,

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sent like a drove of cattle to be struck down for what purpose they knew not, more accurately and convincingly than he has done. With the reader's sympathy thus awakened, one wonders that the individual can be deprived of his own right to judge whether the cause is great enough for him to lay down his all; to be crushed by the chariots of the god of war.

M. Duhamel, in *Vie des Martyrs*, has succeeded in making his martyrs immortal. To him has been given in a superlative degree that seeing eye, that understanding heart, that power of vision which, perhaps more than any other gift, enriches life, since it enables the fortunate possessor to rid himself of the trammels of his own narrow existence and live the lives of many.

He has made a contribution to behavioristic psychology in these little stories, or better said sketches from life, that will endure. He has been able to convey to unenlightened man the difference between the *bon* and the *mauvais blessé* and to show that it is soul difference as well as bodily difference. He has portrayed in simple colors the desire to live, and the determination to live, factors which physicians know are most important in forecasting the chances of recovery of every sick man. And with it all there is tenderness, which the author has the power to convey through delicacy of style that makes prose poetry of much of his narrative of the thoughts, aspirations, sentiments and plans of individual men who, in appearance and position, are the most commonplace of the commonplace. There is no anger, violence, hatred or despair in any of his pictures. There is sometimes irony, but it is so gentle that it strengthens the impression of sympathy with his characters, rather than suggests judgment of them.

"A human being suffers always in his flesh alone, and that is why war is possible," says M. Duhamel in *Civilisation*. This is one of those marvellous epitomes of human conduct, of which he has framed many. It is vouchsafed to few to understand and suffer another's pain. To the majority of mankind it is denied. Were it not so the fellow feeling that make us wondrous kind would displace greed.

There are so many remarkable features of M. Duhamel's war books, such for instance as what may be called the thesis of *Vie*

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des Martyrs: that men suffer after their own image and in their own loneliness; or of *Civilisation*: that consciousness has outrun life; that it has created for itself reactions and inhibitions so intricate and profound that they cannot be tolerated by life, that I was keen to learn how these attitudes had developed. When questioned, this is what he said: "I am forced to divide things in the way practiced in the sciences; that is to say, not to confuse the study of facts with conclusions drawn from them. In these two books I showed as faithfully as I could the life and sufferings of soldiers during the war. In the latter two (*Heart's Domain* and *Interviews in the Tumult*) I drew conclusions from the facts established in the first two. This procedure seemed to me the best way to handle anti-war propaganda. The weakness of most books results from the fact that the idea or subject is confused with other, regrettably often sentimental, considerations. The procedure employed in the sciences seems to be more orderly, and therefore more convincing for the exposition of my ideas. These books awoke a great echo, because they corresponded closely to the state of mind of sensible men who are bent on doing everything to make war impossible. Because of this I was looked upon as a Pacifist and I regard this as an honor. I have never been politically active nor do I belong to any political group. However I am a Pacifist and an Internationalist. I believe that it is only the individual that can be Internationalist. A nation will never be Internationalist for the reason that pacifism and internationalism are indissolubly bound up with individualism."

M. Duhamel's work cannot, therefore, be considered solely in the light of its literary qualities. By his own admission he is a writer with a purpose, and this purpose is the suppression of war. In the course of our talk he stated that this purpose fills all of his work and "will be, I believe, the axis of my work all my life".

Regarding the four war books in this light, a sincere critic cannot escape the conviction that the author has accomplished the first part of his task with immeasurably greater success than the latter part. Of the convincing appeal of the two books which aim only to present vivid and truthful pictures of the sufferings of the soldiers during the war there can be no question. But of the author's power as a propagandist against war, as expressed in the

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two latter books, it is by no means easy to form so satisfactory an estimate.

M. Duhamel does not believe that the war developed a *modus vivendi* for the world. He thinks it left us where it found us, only exhausted. Unless something is devised while this exhaustion is being overcome, the conflict will be taken up again. He believes that a revolution is necessary, but not a revolution in the sense of the term that applies to the affairs of Russia, or Ireland or of Italy. He means a moral revolution.

This moral revolution will be accomplished when men love one another, and when they reward good for evil. Even though this had not been shouted from the housetops and whispered through the lattice, in every tongue and in every clime for the past twenty centuries, we should still feel that M. Duhamel is in error, for these precepts are at variance with the teachings of biology, the science for which M. Duhamel has so much respect. You might as well ask a man who is drowning not to struggle as to ask a man to return good for evil, that is unless he is doing it as a stunt, an artifice, or in redemption of the promise to be saved. It is against nature. First teach him to put a new valuation on life and to get new standards of what makes life worth living. Then one will have a foundation to build upon.

When M. Duhamel is read in the light of history, especially of the last one hundred and twenty-five years, one is less hopeful than if he were ignorant of history. If any *ex cathedra* statement is justifiable it would seem to be this: the world war flowed more or less directly from the revolutionary movement which began with the dissemination of the doctrine of the French philosophers, especially Rousseau, toward the end of the eighteenth century. His discourse *On the Origin of Inequality Amongst Men* is the fountain head of modern Socialism and the source from which the ferment that brought about the world revolution emanated. Rousseau's thesis was that civilization had proved itself to be the curse of humanity and that man in his primitive state was free and happy. "'The first time man knew unhappiness was when convention stepped in and said 'You must not do this and you must not do that', and the State stepped in and said 'This is private property'. The first man who bethought himself of saying

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'This is mine', and found people simple enough to believe him was the real founder of civil society. What crimes, what wars, what murders, what miseries and horrors would he have spared the human race who, snatching away the spade and filling in the ditches, had cried out to his fellows: 'Beware of listening to this impostor; you are lost if you forget that the fruits of the earth belong to all and the earth to no one.'" It was the dissemination of this doctrine and the writings of Voltaire which led to the "Feast of Reason" and the publication of the *Encyclopedie* the influence of which culminated in the world volcanic eruption of 1789 and its repetition in 1914.

It seems that most of these ideas were to be found in the writings of Adam Weishaupt, an apostate Catholic, who founded the secret society known as the "*Illuminati*" in 1776. It is interesting to compare some of his statements with M. Duhamel's aspirations. "When men united themselves into nations, national love took the place of universal love. With the division of the globe into countries benevolence restricted itself behind boundaries that it was never again to transgress. It became a virtue to spread out at the expense of those who did not happen to be under our dominion. In order to attain this goal it became permissible to despise foreigners and to deceive and offend them. This virtue was called patriotism. Patriotism gave birth to localism, to the family spirit, and finally to egoism. Thus the origin of states or governments of civil society was the seed of discord and patriotism found its punishment in itself. Do away with this love of country, and men will once more learn to know and love each other as men; there will be no more partiality; the ties between hearts will unroll and extend." M. Duhamel wants to develop this relationship between men, but he wants to do it in a different way.

That M. Duhamel is no less earnest than sincere in his purpose is proved by his lectures through Europe during the last few years, as protagonist for the suppression of war; and also by the fact that he was one of the co-founders of "*Clarté*", (so named for the book by Barbusse), which is a group of men who preach anti-militarism, the intellectual solidarity of nations and the social equality of all citizens.

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Possession du Monde (*The Heart's Domain*) is by virtue of its title a frank avowal of its aim to set forth the author's idea of finding some satisfactory substitute for the world possession for which the war was fought. It is the effort of a wholesome, buoyant, sympathetic man, after having been brought into contact with the horrors of the war, to find a substitute for orthodox religion; the expression of an emotionally religious man without a creed. M. Duhamel, who was brought up a Catholic, lost all religion, he said, when he was fifteen years old.

The panacea which M. Duhamel offers in this book for human suffering and world ills is the conscious striving for happiness by means of a sort of "culture of the soul". He puts a personal construction upon happiness and holds that it is and should be the object of all humanity and of the whole world of living things. He quotes Maeterlinck to the effect that "As man is created for health, so was man created for happiness". This soul culture is rather an attitude of feeling towards things than an attitude of thought. There is no attempt to think out any of the problems which have puzzled men for ages. Neither is there any denying of them. He simply says substantially: "I am a practical man. Of course I take things as they are—or as they seem to be—but I take the best that is in them. I take the sunshine, the flowers, the wisdom of the ages, the art that has come down to us, the science, human love, the fine qualities of friendship, work, play, my sorrows and adversities, even religion—but I take only what is good out of them all; and I take that temperately, sanely, according to the limitations which nature and circumstances have imposed. And I am happy. You can do likewise and you can be happy." But can I confront poverty and want, and particularly can I take them with equanimity, while my neighbor or brother is swaggering with riches, of some of which he has robbed me because he is stronger or cleverer than I? M. Duhamel's formula for achieving happiness, as well as his conception of what constitutes happiness, fits only the average man, and it has been proved countless thousands of times that there is no such person. It is sufficient, perhaps, for people who feel normally and do not think for themselves. So it may be sufficient for the present for a mass of people who want to be led—if they are pious and healthy.

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But how about the people who are different, or who are not healthy, or who think they are safer custodians of wealth and power than their so-called brothers? It brings no help to the people who are tortured by an insistent need to think things out for themselves, or else to find something which will answer their questions as to the why. Nor does it tell those who are handicapped, physically, mentally, or even temperamentally, how they can overcome their handicaps so as to extract, as it were, the honey from the flowers. The world is full of people with all degrees of unusualness and abnormality. One may ignore them, but no scheme of things can deny them. M. Duhamel uses them by preference as a basis for his fiction.

In his conception of happiness M. Duhamel reads himself and his own emotions into all things. He avers that algæ growing in a tank of water with nothing but a few grains of dust and sunlight are happy because they subsist and work out their humble joy. Has any sentient soul told him he was happy under parallel circumstances? That is the question. He reads his own philosophy into the algæ. To him to be living as nature intended him to live is to be happy. But who can say? I am reminded of a quotation from Anatole France of which M. Duhamel makes use in this book: "Men have cut each others' throats over the meaning of a word." People might argue forever over the meaning of the word "happiness" and never get anywhere.

M. Duhamel says that happiness is the ultimate end of life and that religion is the search for happiness in a life to come after this. Everybody wants to be happy in this life and some people expect to be happy in a life after this—of the truth of these two assertions there can be no doubt. But M. Duhamel says there is no life after this, and that the sole object of life is to be happy in this world. He does, however, speak of "saving the soul", and he implies his belief in God. He says substantially that the plants are happy because they are fulfilling their destiny, or doing what God meant them to do; and implies that man will be happy if he does the same. Very likely. But shall he strive to fulfil his destiny—to do what God meant him to do—merely in order to be happy? Or shall he strive to fulfil his destiny—and happiness will follow incidentally? Which should be his conscious end, happiness or the

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fulfilment of his destiny? Most religious people would say the latter. M. Duhamel says the former. But for working purposes are they not about the same, except that, for people who are at all temperamental or who meet with many discouragements, it is frequently difficult to strive for a happiness which seems elusive? Whereas, such people, if they are spiritually minded can always find a stimulus in trying to do what they were intended to do. If they believe in God the stimulus becomes greater. And if they can believe that the soul grows through every honest effort, that nothing is ever lost, whether the result appears to be success or failure, and that the limits of its growth are not bounded by what their senses can tell them in this life, their capacity for striving becomes sometimes amazing. How else account for the man who expends ten times the effort in playing a losing game that he would have spent in one that promised an easy success?

That the soul will find its greatest happiness in the contemplation of itself, is M. Duhamel's belief. "He is the happiest man who best understands his happiness; for he is of all men most fully aware that it is only the lofty idea, the untiring courageous human idea, that separates gladness from sorrow," he quotes from Maeterlinck. A man should think about his soul at least once every day. But it would be safe to say that for one man who finds happiness in a life of contemplation ten find it in a life of action. The wholesome, sane, average, happy men—of whom M. Duhamel is an excellent example—are mostly men of action. The very existence of this book is a contradiction of his happiness of contemplation theory as applied to himself. It may well be questioned whether M. Duhamel would have written *Possession du Monde* if he had not been the kind of man who finds happiness in giving expression to every emotion. Besides, self-study is safe only for strong natures. Self analysis was the undoing of the man in one of M. Duhamel's best books, *Confession de Minuit.*

Finally, what is "happiness"? Is it merely a feeling? Gladness? If that were all, and the ultimate end of life, would not the logical conclusion be that the happiest—and therefore the most successful—man would be the joyful maniac?

The publication of M. Duhamel which has the greatest popularity is the one that his admirers would wish he had not

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written: *Possession du Monde*. It is a protest against the evaluation of life commercially, and a plea for a moral or spiritual standard. Its topic is for an epoch maker, and one who has not a vision or a plan should not essay it. M. Duhamel may have both, but he does not reveal them. He displays only the wish that the world should be better. In the jargon of the Freudian, it is a wish-fulfilment that does not realize. It is neither well done nor convincing, and it has been well and convincingly done by many writers, and still we have not profited by it. Amiel did it; Maeterlinck did it; Karr did it; and "others too numerous to mention". They may have had some effect upon individuals, but the history of the past eight years shows that they had no effect upon the world at large, its evolution or devolution. Moreover there is a note of unction and self-satisfaction running through the book that is displeasing, if not offensive. It is quite true, or likely to be true, that "to think about the soul, to think about it at least once in the confusion of every crowded day, is indeed the beginning of salvation", but there is a Book in which this is said in a more convincing way than M. Duhamel can ever hope to say it.

Viewed from a literary standpoint alone, the book is in keeping with, if not quite up to, the standard of his other works. His prose is always musical and he often creates an atmosphere rather than an edifice. He is never emphatic, mandatory, severe, superlative. He is soft, gentle, often ironical, but always human, as in the following quotation from *Entretiens dans le Tumulte*: "True serenity does not consist in indifference to the phenomena of life amongst which we live. It consists of judging in an elevated way men and facts. True serenity does not reign apart from life. It is in the land of the hurricane that it is a grand virtue to know how to remain calm. Possibly he who can accomplish this will succeed in avoiding its perils, or surmounting its consequences. Perhaps it is better to lose one's foothold in the waves than it is to prosper in a solitude without echo. Only solitude that has been wrought from the tumult is precious."

Two remarkable pieces of fiction constitute M. Duhamel's output since the four war books: *Les Hommes Abandonnes* (*Abandoned Men*) and *Confession de Minuit* (*Midnight Confession*). The

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former contains eight histories which try to prove that when men are gathered together in a crowd they are abandoned by the individual soul. It is an illustration on the reverse side in favor of individualism.

Confession de Minuit is particularly significant as being named by the author in our talk as his favorite work. "As a human research I believe that it is the one with the most meaning," he said of this novel; and it is therefore a matter of self-congratulation on the part of the reviewer that he found this book to be the one which interpreted to him the author's particular genius in the most convincing and interesting light. The story has its bearing upon the author's theories because it illustrates more clearly than any of his other works a statement which he made to me: "People often reproach me with being interested in my stories only with sick people or with children. Healthy men do not register the motives which govern them. When one studies a sick person one is able to see the relations between moral characteristics which in the healthy man exist, but are hidden. Moreover I hold that the so-called average man, healthy, typical, scarcely exists in literature and that the most interesting creations from the human point of view had for their subjects men who were unbalanced—from Hamlet to Leopold Bloom; from Raskolnikov to Dorian Gray. *Confession de Minuit* is the self-revelation of a man who was decidedly unbalanced."

As a bit of art work only the book is unique and remarkable. For about two hundred pages the unity of a short story is preserved without recourse to any of the usual machinery of the ordinary novel, such as plot, action or conversation, except a very little of the most casual nature. Yet the interest is sustained throughout, from the first sentence to the inevitable conclusion which it foreshadows. To a person who reads fiction for character delineation this absence of trappings is a distinct gain.

Confession de Minuit is the story of a man than whom a more uninteresting person could hardly be found in life; and yet as told by the man himself, M. Duhamel sustains the interest of the reader in the recital of pitiful weakness from the first page to the last without one lapse into dryness or loss of sympathy for the character, with whom, in the flesh, it would have been hard to feel any

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sentiment besides pity. The story opens with the incident which caused the man to lose his position as a small clerk in an office through an utterly senseless—although quite harmless—performance: yielding to a sudden impulse to touch the ear of his employer just to assure himself that the employer was really made of flesh and blood as himself. As society, or in this case the employer, is more afraid of an insane person than of a criminal, the reader does not share the man's feeling of injustice because he is first confronted with a revolver and then thrown speedily and bodily out of the office where he had been a faithful worker for several years; although he is able to pity the victim. From this start, the story traces the man's rapid deterioration through progressive stages of self-pity, self-absorption and inability to get hold of himself, to make an effort to reëstablish himself, or even to seek advice or sympathy, until the last night, when he pours out his "confession" to a stranger with the statement that, on account of his failure in every relation in life, he is never going home to his old mother who has supported him with her small income and her needlework—nor is he ever going anywhere else, so far as the reader can see. He does not commit suicide. In fact, the story leaves one with the impression that he is merely "going crazy". Whether or not he was insane when the recital began with the commission of the insane act is a matter for neither the novelist nor the critic to state.

Nothing happens, in the ordinary sense of fiction, throughout the story, and it is in this that the great art of the writer lies: that he is able to sustain interest at a high level in a pure character study of what is frequently described as a "shut-in personality".

This story seems to have been written without reference to the author's "happiness" or "cult of the soul" theory. It might almost be construed as a contradiction of it. One might put a fatalistic construction upon it if one did not take a material point of view of health and disease. The man who makes the midnight confession of his own pitiful failure in life is a victim of either his own mental limitations or else of his particular environment, or of both. The only other way to account for his utter inability to get hold of life or to stand up against the first discouragement is the refuge of the Radical Socialist—that society gave him no

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chance, the concrete illustration being the cruel way in which constituted authority, or his employer, treated his first downward step. But if the author had intended to condemn the employer and to excuse the man he would hardly have selected for this step an act which would so readily arouse a question as to the man's sanity, nor would he have followed the incident with a story in which the only development was the rapidly increasing loss of touch with the outside world. No philosophy or religion or cult could have helped this man who was handicapped with a nature so weak that it could not resist an impulse which would have been suppressed instantly by a well balanced person; nor could it have given him the strength to withstand the simple discouragements that are the inevitable lot of all men. He simply was not able to cope with something—define it as one may.

One moral the story does teach. And that is the nobility of sympathy with even the weakest, most despised and least interesting of human beings.

M. Duhamel consecrates his life to the prevention of war. It is a noble gesture. He is gifted, sane, articulate and temperamentally adapted and adjusted to the task. Were he a Platonist and not a Neoplatonist I am sure greater success would crown his efforts. Twenty-five hundred years ago a man who penetrated the mysteries of life and death more deeply than anyone before or since said to his disciples who had gathered to speed him to the Great Beyond, the ship having returned from Delos and the Eleven having decided to release Socrates from his fetters, "The body fills us with passions and desires, and fears, and all manner of phantoms and much foolishness; and so, as the saying goes, in very truth we can never think at all for it. It alone and its desires cause war and factions and battles, for the origin of all wars is the pursuit of wealth."

Until that pursuit can be substituted the labors of M. Duhamel and his co-founders of "*Clarté*" are likely to be in vain.

JOSEPH COLLINS.

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OLD LAMPS FOR NEW

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

I WAS talking with a veteran author about the literary market and the vast opportunities it offered to young writers. "Ah," said he, with a sad smile, "that's the trouble. We old fellows have little chance nowadays. I suppose I may say I have 'made good', in a limited sense of the phrase, with sales of over a hundred thousand of my books, and magazine articles, stories, poems, unnumbered. You know I have been busy with my pen thirty years or more. But the manuscripts begin to accumulate in my desk, in spite of my best efforts. The young fellows, writing in the full zest of youth and thoroughly in sympathy with modern movements and tendencies, have the call. I am a back number!"

Undoubtedly there was a good deal of truth in what my friend said. There is a large and pathetic company of experienced writers who find themselves thrust aside in the race. In baseball circles the player of forty years is jocularly referred to as "the old man". Where is the line to be drawn for authors? Look at the illustrated catalogues of the leading American publishers. The portraits are almost wholly those of young men, their clean-cut, eager faces full of the joy of the fray, the enthusiasm that springs from conscious power, youth, success. They are writing the "best sellers", editing the thousand and one popular magazines that make the news stand look like a patchwork quilt. Rarely indeed do we come across a new book by an old writer; so rarely that when one does appear it is heralded almost as a phenomenon, and hailed with a sort of indulgent surprise. The veteran "lags superfluous on the stage", betakes himself to "Reminiscences", or gives up the fight altogether.

But it is not of the notably successful that I wish to speak. Knights of the pen who won their spurs long ago, and have a secure place in our Hall of Fame, may well rest upon their laurels, without heart-burnings or humiliation. It is the rank

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and file who are in sad case in these latter days; those who have remained just outside the charmed circle of success; who for many years have written acceptably enough, filling the pages of our magazines and the gaps of our bookshelves with entertaining and wholesome matter, editing minor periodicals, contributing in genuine fashion to the literary life of their times. Why are such men and women discarded, left to such comfort as they may find in poring over the titles of their own volumes published in the 'eighties and 'nineties, or the much-handled scrap books containing the articles which at one time seemed the open-sesame to fame? After a man has passed his sixtieth birthstone his opinions, it would seem, should be better worth consideration than ever before. His experience has broadened, his judgment mellowed, his mastery of language become more complete. We are always glad to find our trolley car in charge of a veteran crew, and glance with satisfaction at the service stripes on their sleeves; why must the conductor of the marvelous vehicle called a Book, which is to convey us through the land of Imagination, be a youth, his face ingenuous, but bearing no honor lines of long and faithful service?

Is there no place in literature for the veteran writer? Sixty years ago a quartet of gray-haired men—Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell—were furnishing us with about all our real poetry in this country. Add, if you will, Holmes, Emerson, Bayard Taylor, and even Walt Whitman. To-day we have perhaps a sufficient quantity of verse, but it comes almost altogether from young men and women.

The explanation of this preference for the new and neglect of the old is, I suppose, simple enough. The "modern" note must be struck, the production must be keyed to the temperament, the tastes, of the contemporary reader, if it is to please him. Paul Albert says: "*Une génération nouvelle, s'installe dans la vie. Il lui faut son poëte à elle; elle le trouvera elle s'imposera. Après avoir toléré quelque temps le poëte de l'age précédant, elle n'en veut plus entendre parler. Il faut qu'il prenne son congé, cède la place aux jeunes. Ils sont les interprètes du goût d'une génération; et c'est une loi de la nature, loi universelle, que tout être vit pour lui même et non pour ceux qui ont vécu avant lui.*" If this is true in

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regard to poetry, the rule dominates with still greater force the fiction of the day. In the extract given Albert was speaking of the poetic drama, which shares with fiction the insistent demand for realism, for the presentation not only of actual life, but the life of to-day. Only those plays, poems, tales which have the marvelous quality of universality, of perennial truth to nature, can hold their own after a brief period of popularity—ten years, our French author puts it: "*Tous les dix ans, ce goût change, et les fils se moquent des belles choses qui ont ravi leurs pères.*" Mr. Henry M. Alden, himself a striking example, in his conduct of a great magazine, of a rare capacity to enter into the spirit of the times, enlarged upon this *change de goût* in his masterly summary of *Magazine Writing and The New Literature;* wherein the altered viewpoint, the intense realism of the present generation of the readers and—inevitably—the purveyors of fiction, were subtly analyzed.

There is just now, to be sure, a certain revival of taste for the essay; and in this field, if in no other, the older writer has his opportunity. Let the young college graduate air, if he will, his views of men and things in the current press, the "Sunday Edition", the "Magazine Department" of the great daily; but for mellow, serene, matured reviews of life, verified and clarified by experience, distilled from the alembic of many days, we turn to the veteran essayist. The times change, and we in them. There is little comfort in assimilating the views of an eloquent young writer, only to find him, just when we have fully convinced ourselves of the far-reaching verities of his position, taking back all he has previously laid down as law and gospel. Who, for instance, that gave himself up unreservedly to the earlier enthusiasms of Ruskin, does not ruefully remember that experience? At such a crisis of disillusionment we turn with relief to the dicta of men who have lived long enough to know their own minds, to give us deduction and ripened conclusion in place of juvenile theory. Aladdin's princess, after she had capriciously exchanged her old lamp for a new one, was soon glad enough to regain possession of the time-worn but faithful old friend who had so often opened to her the gates of fairyland.

There seems no reason, then, why authors of middle age, or

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even well beyond, should not excel in contemplative writing, and in creations of poetic imagination. In both cases we are concerned not with things which are temporal, the ephemerides of the present moment, but with those that are eternal. Even in fiction, as I have said, the hand of the elderly literary workman is now and then proved not to have lost its cunning. The late Dr. Weir Mitchell and Mr. De Morgan were well known examples of the triumph of romance writers over the supposed disabilities of advanced years. There is no real reason for discouragement. The demand for pure, strong, helpful literature was never more insistent than it is to-day. There is room for all. It is the age long ago foretold by the prophet, when "your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."

At the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the graduation of his Class at Bowdoin our own best loved poet stood upon the platform holding his manuscript with trembling hands, his splendor of white hair overshadowing his serene forehead and the dark eyes that still blazed with the fire of youth and of noble thought, as he read the lines:—

> Is it too late? Ah, nothing is too late
> Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> For age is opportunity no less
> Than youth itself, though in another dress;
> And as the evening twilight fades away
> The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

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WHAT IDEALS DO WE WISH TO PRESERVE?

BY CORNELIA J. CANNON

LINCOLN once said that God loved the common man and showed it by creating so many of them. But the biologists, observing the custodians of the fleeting civilization of the day, feel there may have been an over-enthusiasm in the production of the lower grades of humanity which will bring such civilization as there is to disaster by allowing the world to be repeopled with stone-age individuals. In such a contingency mankind would have to groan through long processes of transmutation, geological eras of fluctuation up and down the scale of development, to chance again upon the level of to-day before they could advance further in the conquest of their environment and in the diverse expressions of their inner capacities.

Civilization seems to be a plant that dies easily at the top. The further the developing parts extend from the root, though they may be by just so much nearer the light, the less vigorous and capable of regeneration they seem to be. There are indeed suspicions that there exist definite limitations to the intellectual development of man, limitations which have been reached in each successive civilization which has passed into the limbo of forgotten things and which give us small hope that history can do more than repeat herself. But since man has been so bold in his interference with the workings of natural law, so persistent in his attacks on the inimical forces of nature, so unremitting in his war upon disease we are tempted to ask his twentieth century representative whether he at last is not to succeed in arresting the downfall of the civilization of which he is a part. His best capacities will surely rise to the challenge. He cannot allow America to go the way of Greece and Rome if there is anywhere within the reach of man an antidote for racial decay.

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The first difficulty that confronts the savior of a threatened civilization is the disconcerting fact that the men of the more evolved types, those capable of understanding, originating and grappling with new aspects of the conquest of nature, leave few or no descendants, while the simpler types of humanity, incapable of dealing with the complexities of modern society save in subordinate activities as followers, leave large numbers of descendants of the same intellectual calibre as themselves. Of course the obvious first step is the bringing of every possible social pressure to bear upon the carriers of our better racial strains at least to perpetuate themselves. An advocacy of the segregation of the unfit and a reduced production of the less desirable types are, of course, inevitable corollaries.

Is there not, however, in lieu of the problematic success of any such programme, a possibility of so formulating and codifying the principles on which our civilization has been built up that they may be carried along as the great, determining race-tradition irrespective of the intellectual powers of the particular bearers of the racial heritage?

We have not necessarily any interest in modern industrial and social developments as such. Complex international relations, inventions, elaborations of life that require a high order of ability for their administration, are not in themselves desirable. A return to simpler methods of living, to a self-sufficing community life, would not seem a step backward, might indeed seem a very long step forward, if we could take into that less complicated environment the ideals and standards that are basic to a noble civilization. Any material conditions which give opportunity for the full development of such abilities as we have, which makes us better servants of the common good, is acceptable to the champion of democratic ideals. But there must somehow be passed on to each generation, to the brilliant and the dull alike, in a complex or a simple society, the ideals by which to live, lest the flame of the great racial tradition die down.

Homogeneous nations like the Scandinavian, the French, the English, do not need to formulate or teach the characteristics of their particular civilization. National ideals are lived and sensed through the contacts of every day. In a nation like ours,

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however, made up not only of individuals of very great as well as of very humble native ability, but also of representatives of every nation of the earth, of whom 16 per cent are foreign born and over 30 per cent either foreign born or of foreign parentage, the problem takes on new difficulties. An additional complication lies in the very rapid influx of foreigners in recent years at a rate which quickly exceeded our assimilative capacity and has left us with monstrous accumulated problems of racial antagonism, industrial maladjustment, and educational responsibility which have bid fair to overwhelm us. The census of 1920 shows that of the foreign born over ten years of age in this country 3,000,000 cannot speak English and 1,650,000 cannot read or write in any language. The Army Intelligence Tests found 7 per cent of the white draft wholly illiterate and 25 per cent relatively illiterate. These figures give some idea of the magnitude of the problem of passing on American ideals to individuals to whom English words, written or spoken, convey no meaning. The acquisition of understandings through daily contact in living and doing with the older Americans is also denied our newer immigrants because of their habit of living and working in segregated groups.

We cannot wander much through our bigger cities without an uneasy consciousness that the fire under the melting pot must have markedly cooled of late years, for the pot seems full of ugly and menacing lumps, preserving all the characteristics of the veins from which the ore was originally mined and showing no evidence of even marginal fusing.

But if we set upon our great task of making fellow-citizens, co-inheritors with us, of these people whom we have allowed to come into our midst, what of our formulated and unformulated traditions, the priceless gifts of the past, must we hand on to them and teach to their children and ours in order to keep alive for humanity that which is dear to us in the democratic experiment? We shall go on as a people, either under a developing leadership to heights never yet scaled by man, or through failing leadership back to more primitive forms of society. Whichever way we turn, whatever our destination, will democracy be able to offer us ideals by which we can find our way to a fairer and happier life for all?

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I

Our government is a government by the people as a whole, whether it follows in the future the representative form given us by the early constitution builders or works out in ways of more direct control by the voters. The fundamental demand such a government makes upon its citizens is an acceptance of the principle that the will of the majority must prevail. This implies no denial of the right of the minority to alter the will of the majority by any method of moral or intellectual persuasion, but it does imply an obligation on the part of every citizen to accede to the majority will until the process of re-education or conversion is completed. The ostensible democracies in countries in which an election is usually followed by a revolution are obviously, by virtue of that very fact, not entitled to the name of democracy.

There are times when to the minority the rule of the majority seems to mean as ruthless a tyranny as that of any czar, though the principle of the right of the majority will to prevail does not exclude the rights of the minority to due representation and to personal liberty. Of all forms of society which have so far been tried out, that seems the fairest in which the larger proportion of the population makes the decision in matters susceptible to choice. Certainly more people are satisfied in this type of organization than in any other. The degree of civilization of a nation is measured, however, by the safeguards thrown round the minority. Their rights are not necessarily jeopardized by the granting of the right to the majority to rule. The minority may convert enough of the majority to their way of thinking to swing the pendulum the other way and make the principle that seemed to enslave them so long as they belonged to the minority group create them masters as tribute to their superior powers of persuasion. But even though the composition of the minority group might vary, there would always be groups outside the arena of political control. Proportional representation, which has been evoked as the salvation of the minority, serves merely to permit the registering of a protest vote or to offer a more strategic position from which to launch campaigns of conversion. For that perfect justice to all elements in a community towards

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which we aim we must supplement an acceptance of the right of the majority will to be supreme. We must not only combine with it a recognition of our responsibility to the minority, but we must adopt additional ideals and standards to insure that equality of opportunity which is the main justification for the creation of a democratic society.

II

Lincoln, who has written so many pages of the Bible of Democracy, said, "For a man to violate the law is to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty."

An observer, at a trial of those ordered deported after the World War, might well have been overcome by what he saw and heard. He need not have been stirred by sympathy for the deportees, many of whom were potential citizens of a low order of desirability, but he could not have failed to be filled with consternation at the assault upon his own and his children's liberties involved in the ruthless overriding of constitutional rights by the officers of the law.

"Is it possible," he might have asked himself, "that in this twentieth century and in this so-called land of liberty and law those primal rights of men to immunity from search or arrest without warrant, to trial by jury, to representation by counsel, to freedom of speech and assembly, rights for which thousands have sacrificed their lives through the centuries, are subject to the whim of a Department of Justice, to be disregarded in any crisis the controlling group in the Government considers critical?"

To one who has allowed himself to believe that these doctrines of the rights of the individual are fundamental to any theory of government, such setting at nought seems cataclysmic. He is almost persuaded that there must have been some shift in our educational background or some alteration in the development of our traditions. How otherwise can these established safeguards of liberty have ceased to carry authority with those chosen to protect us? Whether the action in that crisis represented any drift away from democratic ideals is to be questioned. The whole perturbation was probably a minor oscillation from the perpendicular due to war hysteria, but it none the less revealed

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an astonishing indifference on the part of the officers of the law to the law itself. If such a group, sworn to uphold the law, disregards it at will or uses it as a cloak for the carrying out of ulterior purposes, is it any wonder that the ordinary citizen, to whom the rules of community life seem often merely irritating or an unwarranted infringement of his personal liberty, heeds them only when he is compelled to? And yet it takes only a slight effort of the intelligence to see that respect for the law is the only hope for the safety of any of us. It is not always easy for the victim of the law, which we know is often only a crude and imperfect approximation to justice, to recognize its fundamental beneficence. Yet evil as it is that the innocent should perish by the law, is it not at least as evil that the guilty should escape in defiance of the law?

The citizen, when he first takes out his automobile license, is oppressed by the number of rules and regulations of which he is expected to become the intelligent repository. He uneasily looks upon advancing civilization, as it affects him and his automobile, as a device for robbing him of still more of his few remaining liberties. But when he takes his car on the crowded thoroughfares and sees the traffic policeman, by the use of those very rules and regulations, disentangling the chaos of automobiles, he realizes that the regulations are the guarantee of his liberty and that without them he would not be able to get through the streets at all. Law itself he recognizes as an expression of the effort of the community as a whole to protect, in the midst of the crushing complexities of modern life, the individual in his innocent and legitimate activities. He will find that it is only when his liberty infringes that of another individual that the law purposes to interfere with him.

What renders the final indecencies of John Barleycorn so unpleasant is not the noxious effect of the wood and other alcohols, but the moral obliquity involved in the flaunting by citizens of the Constitution and laws. Often the very individuals who have benefited most from the stabilizing influence of courts and constitutions upon the community life are the flagrant offenders. Bootlegging among the unassimilated foreigners and the criminal classes is bad enough, but the fact that customers are plenty

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among the prosperous and professional classes is the deplorable and menacing aftermath of the Eighteenth Amendment.

We are regarded among nations as a lawless people. If we cannot put away an attitude so characteristic of racial childhood, our feet are as surely set on the broad path of destruction as those of the undisciplined boy who knows no will but his own.

III

It is not enough to teach our people to accede to the will of the majority and to respect the law. We must weave into the very texture of their moral attitude a tolerance for other men's opinions. We may never be able to train our fellow citizens to enjoy differences, but we can teach them to be aware of the fact that differences will exist until there is left but one survivor of the human race. It would be a dull world indeed if we all saw eye to eye with each other. What a stimulus to our intellectual life would come from a recognition of the value to ourselves of our critics and opponents. If the lions and lambs of the mind could but lie down together!

Periodically we comfort ourselves with the reflection that at last in this country we have achieved religious tolerance. Then the old brutal bigotries emerge, first in one religious group and then in another, and we realize afresh that the battle has to be continually refought and the victory perpetually rewon. In theory religious freedom is an accepted article of our political creed, but like all articles of any creed it must be reiterated and retaught to the novitiates of our democracy. Unless we can accomplish this our country ceases to be the home of the free spirit and the refuge of the oppressed.

If we were asked whether we regarded racial differences and diverse types of civilization as an enrichment of the life of man on earth, there are few who would say no. But personally and individually a graceful recognition of the right of others to think differently about things with which we are really concerned makes moral demands upon us of a high order. Our present battleground is in the industrial field. We show a militant reluctance to allow free lances to cross the land and have to exercise real self-restraint to refrain from erecting no-trespass-

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ing signs at the Debatable Fords. Yet unless we are able to achieve victory here as elsewhere over the natural conservatism of human nature, our chances for progress are slight. We shall be as hard put to as the White Queen to keep just where we are, to say nothing of accumulating enough momentum to go ahead. Not every new idea is good, but every advance is in response to the stimulus of a new idea or an old one in new clothing. No one, save a madman, would claim that we had anywhere established the perfect society. One of the main advantages of democracy as a form of government is its adaptability to progress, for it is designed to register the changing ideals of its citizens. It is a peculiar responsibility of the believer in democracy to keep the paths open to new ideas, even though he must admit the bad with the good. In no other way can he hope that a way may be found out of the labyrinth of complexities in which twentieth century civilization finds itself.

With all our determination to be openminded, to be fair to all points of view, we have a task of peculiar difficulty in dealing with the foreign born. At the same time that we must beware of opposing or ignoring the standards and preconceptions the immigrant brings with him, we must impress upon him our national ideals. If the immigrants were here in small numbers, scattered through the population, they could be trusted to become in time an understanding part of our citizenry, but the presence of the large segregated groups make heavy demands upon our intelligence and our respect for the inevitable racial differences. People cannot be herded into new social and political attitudes. Changes that alter one's outlook upon life, that change one's relations to individuals and institutions, are acquired, not in classes for Americanization, but through transforming processes inaccessible to the influence of propaganda. The one salvation of the situation is the spirit in which the immigrants come to America as to the Promised Land. The majority are eager to adopt our language and customs. They wish to become an integral part of the population, to be indistinguishable from other "Americans". This eagerness to adopt the background color immediately, desirable as it is for future amalgamation, often forces the potential citizen through an interval of

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spiritual desert. The old ideals fall from him, the old shibboleths cease to exercise authority, long before he has found opportunity or developed capacity to recognize the new. This entails a period of unlovely materialism, cheap ideals and often asocial conduct.

No civilization worthy of the name can be a patchwork quilt, with pretty colors added here and there. We do not expect to add to our institutions the harem of Turkey, or the tribal organization of the Berber, or the juridical methods of the Tong and the Maffia. Our civilization is an organic structure, adapted one part to another. Such variations and improvements as are to be made must have some regard to the original architecture and some consideration of the strength of the structural parts and the load-bearing capacity of amalgam. The more promptly our new citizens throw off the beliefs that keep them apart from the rest of us, the sooner they can begin to make their individual and characteristic contribution to the bettering of our civilization. Nevertheless there is upon us a special responsibility to help the immigrant through that transition, with delicate respect for the ideals which we ask him to give up at the same time that we press upon him the ideals which we hope he will in time feel are closer and dearer to him than those he has surrendered. No social concepts which do not imply this tolerance are entitled to or can expect to win allegiance from the men and women who come here to help us build up a righteous and enduring civilization.

IV

The Russian Bolshevists cry out against a democracy like ours, which they denounce as the tool of the capitalist class. To their minds the irrefutable evidence of this is our national habit of proceeding in our social reforms one step at a time. Theirs is an all-or-nothing doctrine to which we, more experienced both in the difficulties and the possibilities of living bearably together, cannot subscribe. Our imaginations are too seasoned to get much comfort from the idea of a complete turnover, however exhilarating such a picture might be to the revolutionist. Whatever curse may be upon us at any time, capitalistic tyranny or the throttling grip of the trade union, our natural method of getting rid of it is

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not by capsizing the State, but by working out checks and balances to offset the evil and still retain some good in living for the rest of us. Nor is our governmental machinery entirely without devices to enable us to do this, however the Bolshevists may decry it. The most complete answer that could be made to such critics of our democracy was given in the victory of the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota. Whatever the soundness or unsoundness of that party's theory of government or the success or failure of the experiments it has tried, its coming into power has afforded an example of the possibilities of radical alterations of method within the democracy, dependent solely upon a conversion of a majority of the voters to any proposed changes. Nothing much more radical was tried in Russia; the chief distinction was the substitution of ballots for bayonets in the Dakota adventure. Such limitations as there are to the complete control of our affairs by any party, limitations imposed by the constitution guaranteeing the rights of the individual, would find critics only among the "tender-minded" of Professor James's classification. The protection of the individual and the safeguarding of his freedom of speech and conduct are the assurance of those very liberties which make progress possible.

The fundamental difference between the Bolshevist method and the democratic is the difference between the practice of the methods of revolution and of the methods of evolution. Faith in the endless possibilities of political evolution is a traditional American faith. If it is to persist, those who do not carry the belief as a racial inheritance must be trained in its tenets until they become ingrained. Unless our people accept this political faith, and unless we remove every impediment to peaceful change and alteration, revolution may inevitably overtake us. At best revolution is a tragedy. From its ruins some structure must be built up to hold and express the new society. Why then pass through the horrors of revolution in the transit? The chaos of the overturn is not a necessary prelude to the new construction. All it can ever achieve is a change of mind; and a civilization, designed to make that a daily possibility, should be proof against the hysteria of the revolutionist. A respect for evolution as a political method must become the very form of our thinking,

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strange and alien though it may seem to the unaccustomed minds of some of our immigrants, or democracy goes down in failure.

V

A civilization built up on a theory of equality of opportunity, designed to do without a caste system or hereditary classes, able to contemplate with equanimity the three-generation transition from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves, must hold as one of its chief articles of faith a profound respect for the dignity of labor. Every function performed in a democratic society, whether it so exists in the consciousness of the performer or not, is a service to the community as a whole, independent of the loss or gain to the individual himself. Human contributions are rightly measured, not by the financial reward given or received, but in terms of social gain, the degree of service rendered. Such an evaluation eliminates any moral distinction between the contribution of labor and capital, or between the manual and the brain worker, the mechanic and the manager.

The capitalist who boasts of himself as a philanthropist because he gives work to a thousand men is the naïve expositor of an ancient and long-since discarded economic theory. He ignores the fact that without these men to convert crude substances into finished products his capital represents just so much junk. The workmen might equally claim that they were philanthropists in turning his raw materials into marketable goods. On the other hand the laborer's contention that, because his work is done with his hands and the capitalist's with his savings, there is a moral gulf between the two, is equally unsound. The difference between the two contributions may be merely one of time. The capitalist may be one who amassed his capital in earlier years by the work of his hand or brain and is now utilizing in further production that which he abstained from spending. The capitalist, in spite of all the connotation of excessive wealth the word brings to the lay mind, is not the bloated creature of the popular cartoon, clutching his money bags, but is you or I with that hundred dollars we put in the bank against the emergency of a rainy day. Are we by that very act more iniquitous than the loafer who earns nothing or the spendthrift who saves nothing?

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VI

We must train our citizens to respect many ideals and abstractions at the cost perhaps of great pain to themselves, but there is one human ideal above all which they must respect if our civilization is to do more than merely mark time. In so far as we are able to define it and in so far as we are capable of recognizing it we must hold truth in the highest honor. Truth is man's formulation of the actualities of life, freed to the extent of his critical ability from the distortion incident to its transfer through a fallible human mind. The votaries of truth are under a double compulsion: they must be intelligent enough to know the truth when they see it; and they must be courageous enough to act upon it when they have mastered it. Most of us muddle through life without sufficient sharpness of intellect to discriminate between the true and the false, but the minds of those marked by the gods to lead in the advance of the race are of a quality "defenseless against the truth". These minds, flooded by the great realities that lie about them, reveal the truth, but look to us to act upon their findings. How often we are found unworthy of the trust!

Many a truth is kept without the pale because it fails to fit in comfortably with our favorite preconceptions. The warfare between science and religion has a long history and one that is not yet ended. Nor is revealed religion the only enemy of truth. Economists and psuedo-economists cling to their fallacies. That a proper wage is not an actual sum of money but a relation between producing ability and the buying power of an artificial medium of exchange, is a truth that is hard for the employee to appreciate on a falling market and the employer on a rising market. The conviction that alcohol is a stimulant has, in the minds of many, survived by many years the laboratory demonstration of its fallaciousness. That every disease has its antidotal herb or drug is a belief that fills the coffers of the apothecaries and is proof against the continued discrediting of it by science. And yet an ability to recognize truth and to guide conduct by its light is of vital importance to the sovereigns of a democracy whose will is law and the findings of whose intelligence decide the ways of life for us all.

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Some European wit has said that truth-telling is an invention of the English. There are some Europeans who convince us that the invention must have been patented in London for home consumption only. Governments may be workable on a basis of personal and official indifference to veracity in racial groups that have their own code of truth-telling and know through generations of experience how much salt to add to each other's statements.

But in a country like ours, a blend of races representing all degrees of veracity from zero up, the only practical way out may have to be an educational and social insistence on the truth and nothing but the truth. Though this bids fair to remove many of the ameliorations from political and private life, we find it hard to know where to draw the line. We can hardly teach our young citizens that they may lie at home and with their fellows but must cultivate the truth only in their civic relations. Even at the risk of introducing a certain bleakness into our personal life, the gain in stability in our public life would more than compensate.

We might entirely discount truth-telling as a moral virtue, we might let it go the way of card-playing, dancing, and Sunday base-ball as an activity entirely removed from the category of sins, and yet be reluctant to see it go, so obvious are its practical advantages. To walk always on firm ground, not to be constantly braced against the possibility of the foundation giving way, would be an economic as well as a moral gain. Undoubtedly one of the primary difficulties in our municipal politics is the great inequality in veraciousness among the different racial groups. The truth-tellers are at a marked disadvantage. They are apt to be early detected as such, but are themselves reluctant to suspect an evasion of the truth on the part of their critics or opponents.

This might serve as an argument for achieving an equality in evasiveness, but that presents the prospect of an impossible competition with no end in sight. For the dignity of our lives as citizens of the great democracy, as well as for the dignity of our personal lives, let us put away childish things and adopt a national habit of truth-seeking and truth-telling.

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If we contrast the intelligence of a country, such as France for instance, in the thirteenth century and to-day, we see no evidence that the actual capacity or content of the mind has greatly altered. What we do perceive is that there has been a substitution of truth for error in many of the divisions of human thought and experience. The main distinction between France under the Capetians and under Millerand and Poincaré is not the different minds of the Frenchmen of the two periods but the different thoughts they are thinking. This is the major achievement of the six hundred years. Part of the change is due to the searcher for truth who has enlarged the realm of the known: part of it is due to the educators who have endeavored to admit to this realm more and more individuals of each generation. This we may ask of education, and perhaps no more; not that she give all the truth to each of us, but that she everywhere substitute truth for error within the bounds of what it is possible for us to know.

Our hope lies in being released from the despotism of the untrue, from the terrible fears and apprehensions to which our ignorance of the facts of existence has left us an easy prey throughout our long history on earth. A democracy which has for its function the freeing of the individual for service must free him not alone from the tyranny of kings but from the tyranny of half-knowledge, the fatal incompleteness, which has been our heritage from the day of that interrupted feast of Adam and Eve "whence cometh all our woe".

Lincoln's faith in the common man was based, not on his admiration for his intellect but on his conviction that in the great moral issues the judgment of the man in the street was sound, less subject than that of his social or intellectual superiors to perturbing secondary considerations and so truer to the heart of the problem. These were indeed the people who revolted against the iniquity of slavery, and early in the World War determined the national attitude of condemnation of the German outrages. It is such people who rise up periodically in our communities, throw out the forces of corruption and take back their own. They give meaning to the theory of democracy. Their existence is the real justification for the creation of democracies. It is

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to the people, "that great multitude through whom speaks the Voice of the Almighty Power that makes for righteousness," we must give trusteeship for the irreplaceable treasures of the democratic ideals: respect for the will of the majority and the rights of the minority; respect for the law; respect for other men's opinions and beliefs; respect for the processes of evolution as against those of revolution; respect for the dignity of labor; and respect for the truth.

A nation which cherishes and protects with its last ounce of strength the sacred contents of this Ark of the Covenant is safeguarded from the worst dangers that beset the builders of a people's government.

CORNELIA J. CANNON.

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CHANGES IN READING

BY JOHN COTTON DANA

THE effect of recent social and economic changes upon reading, and, conversely, the effect of reading upon those changes, will be a profitable theme for consideration by both those interested in literature and those interested in sociology and the progress of the world.

Of these changes the growth of newspaper reading is perhaps the most important. Before printing with movable type was invented, about 1457, few could read. Printing multiplied books. Readers thereupon increased in number; knowledge came to thousands where before it was the property of hundreds; knowledge promoted observation; observation led to thinking; ideas concerning oppression, serfdom and submission and concerning privilege and dominance of either birth or wealth swept through the European world; governments were modified and society was recast. It is now being recast more rapidly than ever before, and the process was in large degree born of printing and is today accelerated by printing.

The rapid development in recent times of all the sciences, with accompanying inventions, whereby is gained a mastery of the forces of nature and a utilization of its resources, all followed the wide diffusion of printed words. And the growth of the use of print is not an economic change which ceased its work after it had, in a few years, modified relations between man and man, between race and race, between nation and nation and between man and nature. It is a change which broadens and deepens its influence every day, every year, every decade and every century. Print and the growth thereof are now more potent in their influence on society than they ever were before, and that influence increases daily.

The power press, with revolving cylinders of type faces stereotyped in machines, was not in active use until after 1900. Paper

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suitable for printing newspapers was not used in great quantity in rolls, ready to be fed automatically into a press, until 1880. Effective automatic type-casting and type-setting machines were not in general use until 1890. Cheap and good methods of producing pictures on rapid presses were not widely adopted until after 1890. Offset printing and the rotogravures of the Sunday supplement pictures are products of the last decade. Briefly put, one may say that the newspaper as we know it today is scarcely a generation old; and one need only turn the pages of a few journals on printing to learn that invention creates almost daily new devices and methods for making print cheaper, more legible, and with better pictorial accompaniments.

That all adults should be able to read is with us a conviction, having the quality of religious dogma. The wise man knows that the universal acquisition of ability to read is not a factor which can save a civilization from the destruction which other factors may prepare for it. But one need not be wise to know that whatever may be the destiny of the present civilization of Europe and America, it will soon be a reading civilization. If it goes to destruction, it will go with print in its hand!

The kind of print which comes next to the newspaper in importance, is perhaps the "casual". It includes, to mention a few only, the label on the omnipresent food container, roadside posters, car cards, and telephone directories. A few years ago food stuffs were bought in bulk by retail merchants, and weighed out and wrapped or bagged as called for. Today well nigh all the things the grocer of 1870 sold in the meaningless wrapper of the time, and many other things not then thought of as daily food for millions, come to the grocer in packages ready for delivery. On these packages is much reading matter, such as names, descriptions, directions, recipes, and suggestions on cleanliness, health and hygiene. From the grocer these printed messages go into millions of homes, and form the most homely and elementary reading, and are read daily by millions. Of the other groups of casual print just mentioned, it is enough to say that they do not simply compel us to become better readers; they make us each day better informed.

It may here be suggested that all this print merely makes us super-

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ficially informed, breeds no manner of thinking, tends to make us all alike and all equally indifferent to new ideas, and helps us to become more intolerant of change and more hostile to the new than we as a race have ever been. Perhaps that is true; but if it be true then in that growing indifference and intolerance lies one of the very changes which the printing press is working in us; making us idly recipient to impressions, like a bed of plaster which is not hardened by time and remains a sodden bed of plaster, no matter how many are the impresses that impinging bits of information make upon it.

But, that increasing knowledge tends to dull the brain and to impede thought and to make for hostility to the new, is not what common sense tells us. The empty mind is not inclined to work, if only because it has nothing to work upon. The active, inventive, forecasting brain never suffers from a surfeit of knowledge and does not find knowledge a burden or a hindrance to cerebration. Its joy is in thinking; and as it goes on along the open roads of thought, it casually absorbs whatsoever facts may give it aid or pleasure or both, and rejects what it does not care for. It seems to be part of the method of human progress that it goes on with knowledge; not necessarily because of knowledge, but, inevitably, with knowledge. And here, in a time of knowledge-gaining, knowledge-saving and knowledge-absorbing,—all through and by the printed word,—such as could not have been conceived of a few centuries ago, and did not lie in the realms of the wisest prophecy even a hundred years ago, it is astonishing to note that the peculiar character of this reading period in human history, and of the effects of it on society, seem not to be thought worth discussion by students of society.

Returning to the growth of print using: The increase of control over the powers of nature gained by man in recent years, and the development of machines which has accompanied that growth, have so increased our capacity for production that many more persons than ever before find themselves with time for other work than that of gaining a livelihood, and with a surplus of energy which makes that non-working time seem irksome. Out of all this came recently a humanitarian outburst, a fever of altruistic activity.

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The explanation here suggested of the outburst of uplift enthusiasm may not be correct. But it serves to introduce that promotion of the reading habit which has been one of the more important products of that outburst.

Here and there and everywhere have been organized for social betterment groups of persons, altruistically possessed and seeing visions of a world made better by the changes that a crusade along some narrow line can produce. All these voluntarily organized groups, some of them chartered corporations, some supported by "foundations", and some supported by annual contributions of sympathizers, issue publications. These range from a modest occasional leaflet to pamphlets and books, and appear in editions, some of scores and some of millions. The organizations themselves number several thousand, and their ranks are added to constantly. Their printed output is spread broadcast. Much of it is of high value; much of it has to do with topics important to every household; much of it reaches the humblest homes; and from it comes no small influence toward reading, acquisition of knowledge and thinking.

The Federal Government, State governments, city and town and county governments, colleges, universities, school boards, banks, insurance companies, manufacturing corporations, railroads, steamship companies and institutions and organizations of many other kinds have discovered in recent years that the world reads; that leaflets and pamphlets, even though tossed aside by the majority, are read by the minority, and that the name of that minority is millions. In many cases the last impetus toward publication by these organizations has come from the same altruistic movement that has brought upon us the flood of uplift societies. Perhaps it is in part this altruistic touch which has led to the effort to make many of these publications beautiful, attractive, scientifically based and helpful in countless ways.

Trade, technical, class and professional journals now number about five thousand. Fifty years ago there were less than one hundred of them. Of these journals, the "house organ" has been in existence only a few years, is not enumerated in any national directory of periodicals, and has to excess the habit of being born and dying. The very fact that it is new and still unknown

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to many, added to the fact that it is widely read and interests intensely many thousands of men of affairs, makes it peculiarly worthy of mention. House organs are usually published by corporations to promote production or sales, and are addressed solely to employees or customers. Quite often they are of such quality as to make them appeal to all persons of intelligence into whose hands they fall. The part these journals play in increasing the sum total of information is illustrated by this bit of history: A western firm made and sold many different kinds of oil. These oils were so varied in character and adapted to so many special and well defined uses, that salesmen found it difficult so to acquaint themselves with them all as to sell them all intelligently. Thereupon the general manager issued monthly a small journal, pocket size, devoted chiefly to telling salesmen what it was they were trying to sell. It was so cleverly written that it attracted the attention of buyers and users of oils; and then, because its remarks were largely of wide application in the business field, of business men in all lines. Its circulation soon ran up into the thousands, and quite directly it increased, beyond all precedent and almost beyond belief, the sales of the products of the corporation which published it.

This story of a modest house organ illustrates the thesis that the products of the printing press are producing effects in the field of general intelligence much greater than is commonly supposed. The trade, technical, professional and class journals, of which house organs form one of the less important groups, cover well-nigh every phase of human endeavor. In *Ayer's Newspaper Annual* they are classified into two hundred and fifty groups. Among them are publications for doctors, lawyers, architects, engineers, chemists, builders, janitors, barbers, bakers, broom-makers and scores of other kinds of workers. Some are issued for manufacturers and some for workers. The automobile industry alone has a hundred and fourteen journals.

Another people's primer is the mail order catalogue. One of the larger mail order houses issues twice each year seven million copies of books of about a thousand pages each, listing and describing thousands of objects, and illustrated with ten thousand pictures. These books are read and studied everywhere. Their

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influence as promoters of the habit of reading and of the acquisition of knowledge, must be prodigious. That influence is supplemented by catalogues issued and widely distributed by stores which do a direct-by-mail business; and is supplemented again by descriptive circulars sent broadcast by distributors of special appliances and by publishers of books and journals.

Consider the typewriter. A few years ago all correspondence was hand written. The typewriter did not come into use until about 1880. The number of typewriters produced each year in this country alone is now nearly a million. Add to this, mimeographs, cyclostyles, multigraphs and other duplicating machines, some capable of reproducing typed letters at the rate of thousands per hour, and it is not surprising that letter mail, first class, grew from about one billion pieces yearly in 1880, when typewriters began to be widely used, to about eleven billions in 1920. All the machines just mentioned produce print and not script; the print they produce is far greater in quantity than was ever the script which they made well nigh obsolete. They now compel every business man and the countless office staffs of modern business to acquire the print reading habit and high skill in its practice.

The typewriter not only compels adults to acquire greater skill in reading and to take on the reading habit; it is also a teacher of reading for the young. Typewriting is taught in thousands of schools, is learned as an aid in school work even where it is not given as a school study, and is each year learned by more young people in their homes. The normal child takes naturally to the art of printing, with a typewriter for type, ink and press. Soon it will not be necessary for children to learn to write well by hand. They will all use typewriters, and will use typed symbols of speech and thought instead of written ones, and will inevitably become ready readers of print.

It may seem a long way from typing letters to the easy reading of a novel, a history or a volume on psychology. But the distance between the two is in fact short. To show that it is so, one need only refer to a few well-known facts. The normal child is born with the complete apparatus for seeing, hearing and talking. He can and does learn quite easily to understand the moving show of the world, and to understand what he hears of spoken

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words, and to talk intelligently. But the normal child is not born with apparatus which can readily be adapted to reading. For reading he must use his native powers in a manner to which time and a selective survival have not adapted them. The typewriter increases enormously our daily practices in that use.

The schools form one of the prime factors for increasing the consumption of print. I do not put the schools, as makers of readers, before the printing press, the newspaper, the periodical, and the pamphlet, because, after all, the industrial mechanism from which comes our present flood of print is the first cause of increase in reading. It is print that has made our schools possible. They give to most children a modest skill in reading; but it is the never ceasing and ever growing impulse of the printed page that is compelling us to think of reading as an essential part of living.

I mention electric lighting as a factor in the growth of reading, merely to call attention to the existence of many factors which space is lacking to consider here. The movie gives to millions daily the pleasure of absorbing romances through the eyes without the interposition of print. No one knows whether it will strengthen the reading habit or no. On first view it seems to promote aimless seeing and idle talking, and to make commonplace life a little more attractive, while leaving it essentially commonplace still. Perhaps it increases novel reading; but that is doubtful. Still more doubtful is it if it increases the reading of thought provoking books. Students of mind assure us that only those whose brains are equipped at birth with apparatus which is capable of functioning in thought can do any thinking. There remains, none the less, the possibility that a brain which has not yet gone in for thinking may have the apparatus for that performance and that the apparatus has not received from the outer world such stimulation, in words, pictures, incidents or experiences, as would set it in operation. It is possible also that the brains of some, and perhaps of many, do not go about the task of thinking unless and until a certain specific kind of brain content has been acquired. Perhaps some of us are led to think, and inevitably to read, by the movies.

As the movie became popular the number of books lent by

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public libraries decreased. This decrease was accompanied by a slightly increased demand for those novels, chiefly of the baser sort, which were pictured in local movie theaters. Evidence is entirely lacking that what are called "educational films" aroused any demand whatever for books on the countries, cities, processes or histories depicted by them. The "speaking film", meaning a moving picture accompanied by a phonographic reproduction of the words spoken by the actors, will undoubtedly soon be perfected. Will it be an even more effective discourager of reading than is the present silent movie? It may be assumed that it will. It can bring to the remotest hamlet, as to the great cities, not only the present type of condensed story; but also the spoken drama and the opera in proper setting, with the very words and intonation of the singers and musicians and actors.

The radio now brings news, oratory and music to the ears of millions and promises soon to do the same for well-nigh our whole population. Of its influence on reading and thinking one can say little more than has just been said concerning the movie. Both, it should be noted, are the outcome of the wide dissemination of print and increase of the habit of using it.

While new and more attractive methods of locomotion increase travel and decrease the use of print; and while more all pervading methods of projecting sound, including speech and music, increase the use of the auditory centers in gaining pleasure and information; and while better and cheaper methods of reproducing still pictures and photographs of the world in motion, all help to furnish information without reading, they lead us at the same time to somewhat of reading. Indeed, all factors that increase human intercourse and add to the total of general information, help to diffuse print more widely, and tend to make it more accurate and in some degree more insistent on being read. Furthermore, though countless hours are now devoted to listening to sounds and to absorbing pictured stories, there is scant evidence that these hours were devoted, before the coming of these days of talk and pictures, to reading of any kind.

And, again, the inquiring mind is now brought readily into touch with answers to its inquiries. Every day it is more and more difficult for facts to remain in seclusion and unimparted.

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The same apparatus which quickly transports men, transports with equal quickness the printed word. And the devices which carry speech across a continent to a listening ear, make it easy to put into print in thousands of towns and cities the message which the voice conveys.

The changes I have noted clearly demand changes in library methods. I have space to mention only one. When Naudé gathered a library for Cardinal Mazarin he aimed at completeness. His example is followed still by many libraries, in spite of these facts: that the growth of print has made futile the attempt to gather it all; that indexes and abstracts enable a student to name quite definitely, without examination, what he needs to see; and that methods of transport, communication and reproduction make it easy to put the specific print needed into the hands of those who need it, wherever it may be found. A few libraries may, with some propriety, continue to acquire all they can and keep all they acquire. But even among these few there should be set up a division of all knowledge and a coöperation which shall enable each to concentrate on a certain small part of the whole field. This coöperation in acquisition is already practiced by a few libraries, and, fortunately, some of these few are among the most important. But the tendency to gather and retain still prevails, and large libraries duplicate one another in many things, yet, lacking coöperation, allow many works of first importance to escape them all.

The growth of print and of its use, which has been briefly sketched, suggests a possible salvaging of our threatened civilization, and in this suggestion lies good reason for the existence of this paper. Civilization is a rare plant, brought to flower only at long intervals and only through happy combinations of climate, soil and peoples. The present civilization in Europe and America shows a decreasing birth rate of the more intelligent. Professor Conklin in a recent article says that the possibilities of continued progress rest on education, eugenics, and enlightened effort. In that growth of print and of the habit of using it which is roughly outlined in this paper lies a hint of the possibility of such extension of education as will lead to the checking of our civilization's movement toward decay. Although the probability that ad-

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vantage will be taken of that possibility is very slight, I venture to outline roughly a method of doing it.

Print is used more than ever, and we are forming the habit of depending upon it for a certain type of facts. Take, for a simple example, the boy who hears of radio apparatus. He straightway wishes to make one. He reads directions in books, newspapers and journals. He follows them, and gets the results he wishes. He now realizes the value of print as he never did before, and—note this particularly—he has subjected himself, with happy results, to the authority of experts. Are his mental qualities and habits such as to make it impossible for him to be led to read, and to trust in the words of experts in other lines—in the lines, for example, of eugenics, education and enlightened effort? The question lacks an answer; but the wide-spreading, the superficially effective and the penetrating extension of the printed page and its use, open to us the possibility of an affirmative answer. We can take advantage of the possibility and make a serious attempt, through a skilfully directed distribution of carefully chosen print, supplementing it with movies, phonographs and radios, to give to all men that knowledge of our civilization's perilous state and that conviction of the importance of enlightened effort which will lead them to more reading, clearer thinking and wiser habits. The experiment would cost, let us say, a couple of billion dollars; a sum which the war's experience showed we can easily spare.

It is quite possible that my library experience leads me to overestimate the power of print. But students of society, and especially of the causes which lead to the decay of our civilization, seem, by their failure to discover factors which make for the permanence of that civilization, to be ready to accept the conclusion which I reached long ago—that the one element lacking in all other civilizations and present in ours is print and its use; and that if our civilization survives it will be because of the presence of that factor. I have tried to show that it grows in strength daily, and grows more rapidly every year. It would be wise to study it with care, and, by conscious effort, attempt to use its power as a savior of that civility which is now in flower.

JOHN COTTON DANA.

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THE APRON STRING IN OUR THEATRE

BY STARK YOUNG

If you talk about an outside influence on an art, you must first be clear about the fundamentals of that art. To go very far into the relation of our theatre to the English, we must know first of all that the art of the theatre is an art to itself. It differs from every other art. We must know the sources from which it springs and the means—drama, setting, costume, acting, music—that make it up and that contribute to its ends, which are the expression of human living. We must know that in entering into this art every element, such as drama, costumes, action, becomes something that it was not before; drama is not literature, architecture is no longer architecture but translated into another art, and so with everything involved. The importance of a country in the theatre depends on how far it is endowed with means and methods and resources by which the art of the theatre as an expression of life is furthered.

The necessity for such an understanding at the very outset was borne sharply in upon me last spring. In a discussion of the season in New York, in an article in The North American Review, I touched in passing on a subject that needs talking about at more length, the importance of our theatre's getting away from the influence of the English theatre. This statement, with a very brief indication of the reasons for it, brought from Mr. St. John Ervine a delightful reply and an invitation through *The London Observer* for me to discuss the matter in greater detail at some future time. In his article Mr. St. John Ervine says that in his judgment I am on safe ground when I ask America to discover a drama of its own. To that one can only say, obviously, we should hope so. Mr. Ervine wonders if I am merely repeating the anti-Anglo-Saxon theories of Mr. Mencken; to which I reply that even if I had such a prejudice I should not indulge it at the expense of art. Well, that point being settled, then, Mr.

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Ervine would like to know just what there can be in the theatres of other countries rather than the English that I want our theatre, if it turns to any foreign stage, to follow. Mr. Young, he says, finds the drama in England valueless in comparison with Russia, Germany, Italy or Spain. He wishes me to stoop to particulars from the heights of airy generalities and oblige him by naming the drama in all those countries which reduce English drama to the level of the neglible. Shakespeare and Shaw, he says, are being played in many places on the Continent; what is there better in the drama of Italy or Spain or Russia? And Mr. Ervine makes some American comparisons.

Well, to that I might say I know nothing better in those countries than Shakespeare and Shaw. But that is not the point at all. When he talks like that Mr. Ervine is doing exactly what nearly every other writer on the subject does. He does not talk of the art of the theatre and seems unaware that there is such an art. He gets off on to drama, which is only one element of this art; and for all that what he says about drama comes to, he might as well be talking of literature. And when I talk of the influence of one country's theatre on another I have no competitive interest in whether these theatres are better or not than our own. That sort of contest can reach no decisions except on the grounds of mere personal taste and prejudice. And I am not exactly talking about the occurrence of admirable instances of plays. I talk of qualities, resources. A country that is significant for our theatre will be one where there is manifestly a talent for and an abundance of one or more of these essential qualities. The whole discussion turns on that. How much resource has the English theatre for the expression of English living, of all living if you like? In England how much of the abundance of life wells up and speaks through the forms of the theatre? As for dramas, I mean not separate plays so much as the gift or possibility of expressing life in terms of the theatre. I mean not so much single instances of acting, but the possession of those attributes that go to make acting a complete and significant art. I mean not the mere occurrence of excellent settings, but the gift for expressing our visual experience in terms of the theatre and for making that expression significant.

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The relation of our theatre to the English is an important subject. We have in America now no small impulse toward a theatre of our own. From many lands and peoples we have brought magnificent stores of characteristics to draw upon and infinitely diverse dreams and ways of living. We have natural conditions unlike those to be found anywhere else in the world, we have our own kind of energy, our own development of society, our own hopes of the future and judgment of the past, waiting to be expressed in an art of the theatre. For influences, if we choose, we have the whole world to turn to. How far our turning in the theatre to England is profitable or cramping, a profound need or a mere hang-over of colonialism, is a question to think upon.

In the first place there is no absolute necessity, of course, that the theatre of a country borrow anywhere. The primary need is that it develop out of its own kind. Soul is form and doth the body make, as Spenser said; the form of our art of the theatre will necessarily come out of what we have to express. In the end we shall have to find our own feet to stand upon. But the history of art is full of influences always; for that is the natural tendency of human art as of human beings. Influences, then, we have and shall have; and influences at their best may very well be our participation in the accumulated riches of the world. But an influence in order to count must come from a source dictated by our profoundest needs. It must not be a mere parental accident. We have leaned on the English theatre more because we chanced to be an English colony than because of any deep need of it.

Moreover, it does not follow that, because a race is gifted in one direction, it is necessarily gifted in another. The powers of a race, like a man's, may culminate in a complete expression of itself in one art and in another art may only stammer. The English race has, obviously, a talent for governing and for colonization, demonstrated the world over, and for developing a governing class. It has a talent for sports; and, I think, a talent for poetry, though I am aware that in saying so I should have to defend the racial conception of what the poetic is. But the English are not gifted to anything like the same extent in the theatre. And even if there were an adequate theatrical expression of Eng-

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lish life, it does not follow that it would suffice for us. We are not pure English but many races, and we live under very different conditions. We may need England in many ways, commercially, culturally—and even for the Anglo-Saxon domination of the world, if one likes to cherish that rather self-complacent dream of things—and from the English we can learn much. But from their theatre we can get little. If it is better than ours that is because the culture, the social life, the literary elements that go to make it up are better, and not because of any essentially theatrical elements in it.

I know the objection that comes up immediately. It is exactly the kind of thing that one expects to come up in the discussion of any art by people who bring little thought or understanding to the fundamentals of it; just as a man may see the harmony of tone or the painstaking in a picture without in the least knowing what painting is. The objection is this: How much better the diction of English actors is than ours! How much better the manners of a company of English actors than of one of our companies! And that is very true. But the answer is simple. First of all, the diction and manner that people are talking about in these English companies is largely a negative thing. The excellence of it consists not so much in anything done as in what is not done; it is not so crude as ours, not so loud, not so vulgar. Second, diction and manners in any important sense are not mere pleasing reservations and harmonious discretions; they are things that contain in themselves a constructive abundance, they are elements of style, they have in them their own passionate intention and their revelation of proportion and meaning. The English theatre, unlike the French or the Tuscan, cannot be said to show any real talent for diction and manners as creative elements in the art of the theatre. Diction and manners, as we find them on the English stage, are scarcely art at all; they are only parts of the ordinary life of England and, as everyone knows, far from being standards of perfection, are actually below the level of the best social tradition. We may copy all this but there is little in it for us beyond mere imitation. And the imitation of English speaking would make a fool of the American stage in so far as that speech is unlike our own. But in Rome or Paris we have at least

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a chance of finding a theatre in which diction and manner are seen as creative elements in an art. We need the influence of the theatres with a sense of the possibilities of words and manner as revelations of life, and a conviction of the necessity of cultivating them as means toward high and complete theatrical expression.

In the most lasting element of the art of the theatre, the drama, the English theatre, compared to that of other countries has nowadays little to teach us. Shakespeare, of course, belongs not only to the English but to all English speaking theatres, since Shakespeare's England no longer exists. And even Shakespeare handed on no dramatic form that later dramatists have been able to use. There seems to be a darkness and chaos at the very heart of his art that remains more or less unmanageable. But granting everything to Shakespeare, if you like, the fact remains that England is almost the last place to see him played. The renowned schools of Irving and Tree only botched him up; they prettified Shakespeare's magnificent intelligence and ungovernable current of life; and Forbes Robertson, for all his fine moments, played that favorite and stupid English trick where the classics are concerned, of turning everything into the Bible, which, whatever its virtues may be, is scarcely the Shakespeare of the seventeenth century. Leaving Shakespeare out of it, then, very much as we might leave out Spenser or Milton or Aristophanes, we turn to the English drama of later times. Meantime we must remember that we do not look just now at a drama for its special and unique merits. We look to it as a possible influence for our own; and such a possibility depends on the gift it shows for expressing its matter in terms of the theatre, and on its gift for form that is significant as a dramatic vehicle. In this sense there is always on the Continent a dramatist who is better than his English competitor in the same kind. Congreve, for all his fine ear and literary gift, is far inferior as theatre to Molière, as are Sheridan, Goldsmith and their like. Pinero in the same field of thought and life and method is nothing to Ibsen. Galsworthy, for all his poise and ease and his equable cricket, is a mild form of a dozen Continentals; by the side of Chekhov his realism is like an invitation to tea; by the side of Strindberg Galsworthy is like playing cribbage with the beadle. For a glowing and sensuous

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rendering of the rich and tragic splendor of men and passions and cities, D'Annunzio has found the dramatic expression. The remarkable work of John Synge follows him at a distance. For the macabre and heroic and wilful and witty and romantic there is Benavente. Compared to what the Russians can say of life's warmth and grayness and depths of suffering, Stanley Houghton and the rest of the Manchester School of dramatists are like milking cows on a field of battle. These boasted Manchester realists have developed a kind of problem method of their own, no doubt; but they remain sterile in their monotony. They are like provincials arguing self-consciously before a Sunday School superintendent a question which the larger world has long since located and more or less settled and which can be treated now, if at all, only in terms of vigorous creation. Barrie is a delightful and adorable personage who can encourage us to be sweet and droll when we can and as we can; but Barrie is an influence better for our souls than for our theatre. Shaw has no respect for the theatre or for any other art in itself. He abounds in fine passages; he encourages us to talk and to put ideas into drama—from him we might learn how to let our drama have a little more brains and how to make what thoughts we have more lively and provocative. But with Shaw the theatre is more of a reformer's outlet and a theorist's mouthpiece than an artist's medium. His success is in talk and theory rather than in imaginative creation. Gilbert and Sullivan are English essentially. Their quality of humor is not ours, though we like it for a season now and then. In their direction we have already on the way to something of value our musical comedies and reviews, our jazz and follies; which, good or bad, are representative, in their spirits, their extravagant quantities and their accentuations, of a definite element in American life. Out of English drama nowadays there are numerous plays that we might enjoy if played in our theatre. But except for the literary element in the art of the theatre, about which Shaw and John Synge could teach us a good deal, there is little English drama that could bring us any dilation of our powers of expression or any revelation of new regions of living to be expressed.

An Englishman who starts out to be an actor struggles with certain racial traits that are handicaps to the art. He has first of

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all a body that is not expressive; whereas an expressive and eloquent and magnetic body and gesture is the main focus of the art of acting. He distrusts the exhibition of feeling and prefers talking about emotion to showing it; whereas the ideal in acting is the achievement of a medium by which the life going on within can be exhibited, as a delicate scientific experiment is shown through glass. He dislikes the effect of calculation in anything, of premediated craft. He prefers to think that things are sincere in the limited sense of being not thought out, though he knows how unlikely that must be; in a word the Englishman is afraid of conscious art. Whereas, in acting, the supreme style—as well as all secure technique—derives from a combination of sensibility and calculation, and moves toward an ideal of distinction with a touch in it of conscious elaboration.

The voice of the English actor compared to ours is a fine one. It is more even, a better tone, a better precision. But compared to the French or the Russian or Italian voice, the English is a very limited instrument. It is apt to be dry, to be cramped in the throat, and too self-conscious for the greatest effects, in tragedy especially. It suits admirably the one thing in which English actors do really excel, their social comedy. But the English voice in general, though it can give us points, has nothing for us compared to almost any theatre on the Continent, where the use of the voice is more studied, where the tone has more range, the breathing more freedom, and the vowels more purity.

The acting of social comedy is the best thing about the English theatre. But what it gains in charm and humor and psychology, it often lacks in style; it is rarely smart or elegant or vivid. And it takes its quality not so much out of any talent for acting as out of the gently ordered social sense, the introspection, whimsy, individualism, the cranks, the droll egoists, of the life it portrays. Outside this single field of their comedy, English acting is poor compared to almost any of the Continental. It has no style compared to the French; no realism compared to the Russian; no warmth or translucent actuality, no beautiful fluidity, no magnetism, compared to the Italian; no lyrical fervor, romantic flexibility, and swift clarity of results compared to the Spanish. For our actors the English theatre has a few pleasing and personal

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and more or less negative benefits; but from it we can acquire little that is fundamental in the art of acting. In any fundamental sense we have already what the English have. The English actor has very little of the vitality, the physical and mental animation, the style, the magnetism, the free and flowing rhythm, and a kind of poignant impulse and passionate eloquence of humanity, that are the sources of a great art of acting.

In the directing of plays the English achieve more unity, a better ensemble, than we do; but in this the Russians or the Germans are infinitely superior. In décor the English theatre has, of course, Gordon Craig, though it remains to be seen just how important and inclusive Gordon Craig's ideas will come to be regarded in the theatre of the next fifty years. But however that may be, there is no need to go to England to learn from him. One might as well go to Corsica to study military tactics. For Gordon Craig we go to Russia or Berlin or Vienna, and even at home we have more of him than in London.

For the English their theatre is not, in any profound sense, racially expressive. Among them the developments of government, of morals, of sports and of private religion and sects, command a great and absorbing interest. The arts of poetry and of social living have also for a chosen few a deep and old interest. And all these have found means for the expression of themselves. But it cannot be said that the English theatre covers or includes English life to any wide and deep extent. And what is more, far from finding itself expressed there, the English nature mistrusts the theatre. There is something still in the mass of Anglo-Saxons that is hostile to the very stage itself. This hostility and mistrust began long before the days of the Puritans but it came to a head under them, and it has never quite died out. It feels that at best the theatre is a place for mere amusement, that it is wicked and flippant or inconsequent. This prejudice the settlers of America brought with them to our shores. For it is a significant fact that in a country that was so exciting, so adventurous, so dramatic and so free as ours, there should have been even up to this time so little real expression in dramatic form of our life. Other more artistically gifted races have helped us past this limitation somewhat. But so far as the art of the theatre is con-

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cerned, the strain of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in us is more inhibitive than otherwise; the Mayflower harbored no Muse among her passengers, and such brave barks as touched Virginia's sands brought with them gods of pleasure and eloquence but not of the theatre. The teaching of our brave and pious forefathers turns us away from what might be one of the greatest means of expression for American life.

And with this mistrust of the theatre, which persists to such a degree in England and — in the provinces especially — among us, goes another fact. The English do not take the theatre seriously. The most interesting and distinguished people in England have not often been devotees of the theatre. London does not take the theatre seriously as Moscow does, where the fervor and warmth and speculative intensity of the Russian life are carried to the play and where the activity of the soul is continued in terms of a living art. London does not, like Madrid and Rome and Milan, take the theatre seriously by taking it naturally, taking it as a part of the day, a thing like love, food, daylight, that one accepts as a matter of course, a place where whole families sit together, children grow up out of their nurses' arms, and the day's life is renewed in an easy and vivid and moving embodiment of it. These countries, and not England, will influence us, if any can, to give the theatre a more genuine and necessary place in our life.

And, finally, there is only one kind of influence of one art on another that has any significance, that makes sense when we talk of it. It is an exact parallel of the influence that one man has on another. If one man merely tries to imitate another, copies his walk, his clothes, his personal mannerisms, he ends by being very silly and negligible. But if he discovers in another man qualities that he admires and a way of taking life that seems to him admirable, he may with advantage cultivate in himself these qualities and these modes of approach to experience; and through what he learns thereby he may be enabled to express his own life with more beauty and success. An influence in art works in precisely the same way. The influence of any theatre on ours will depend for its health on one thing, the extent to which there is an understanding that our theatre seeks for its uses certain qualities and modes of expression that will enlarge its significance.

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An influence that appears in the shape of borrowed names and plots and novelties is of small importance. On the Continent there may be qualities—the exact and vibrant realism of the Russian temperament, for example—that we might possibly learn to recognize in ourselves and to bring into our drama. There may be certain modes of treatment—German expressionism for example—that may seem to dilate for us the region of dramatic expression. There may be directions of mentality—say the French ability to create a character that is at once the type and the individual—that may show us new ways of observation. There may be habits—such as the Spanish way of passing at will from prose to verse and back again—that may help our theatre toward relaxation and flexibility of mood. Or there may be physical endowments—the Italians, for instance, whose bodies are such lucid and vigorous mediums for their ideas—that may remind us of the importance of muscular coördination and gesture and magnetism. But the English theatre affords us opportunity for little beyond colonial tradition and imitation.

But leaving aside any particular theatre or country, the one main issue, obviously, in the American theatre is that it develops a medium of expression that can embody American life. The important thing is that we find for ourselves in the art of the theatre a real dialect. To perfect this dialect our theatre may borrow from any in the world. But when, through its own labor and evolution and through the contributions of other theatres, the American theatre has developed this medium adequate to its ends, nothing else can be done for it. Nothing further of any significance can be added to it. Except superficially, through mere imitation or theft, there is no influence that can help beyond this point of acquiring a medium of expression. After that the quality of our theatre will depend on the quality of the life that it expresses.

STARK YOUNG.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

HUNEKER'S LETTERS [1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

AMERICAN literature is not distinguished for letters of the permanently rewarding kind—those that are rich not only in intellectual substance but in human pungency and revelation. We have few collections of letters as consequential and meaty as the English and the French possess; and the best of those that we have are the latest. It would not be easy to point to any American letters prior to those of William James which can touch those marvelous pages for their blend of intellectual and human fascination. And the further back we seek in American writing for letters of a comparable sort, the greater will be our disappointment. Go back to the end of the eighteenth century—to, for example, the volume of letters and reminiscences by John Trumbull, son of the first Governor of Connecticut, aide-de-camp of Washington, and one of the most eminent of American painters. Trumbull was a man of alert and cultivated intelligence; he had traveled widely: he corresponded with Edmund Burke, Thomas Jefferson, LaFayette, Washington. His letters and reminiscences fill a volume of almost half a thousand pages; they are extraordinarily interesting to the student of the period in which Trumbull lived—the days of the American Revolution, of the French Revolution, of the first half-century of the existence of the United States. Yet, though Trumbull was an artist, a man of wide and lively interests, a fluent writer, you will search his four-hundred-odd pages for any evidence that he was interested in general ideas outside the fields of politics and public affairs. In 1786, in Düsseldorf, he visited the gallery in the electoral palace. He saw there paintings by Vandyck, Teniers, Raphael, Caracci,

[1] *Letters of James Gibbons Huneker:* Collected and Edited by Josephine Huneker, New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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Guido, Rembrandt, Rubens. He notes that the Rembrandts are "very fine"; he points out that Rubens's subjects "vary from the very lowest ribaldry and profligacy of human nature to the most sublime conceptions of religion and poetry". Of Rubens, the *Resurrection of the Just* impressed him most deeply; it seemed to him to "establish the claim of Rubens to a place among the highest, most chaste, and most correct of the profession". "Chaste" . . . "correct" . . . what a flood of light those epithets, as applied to Rubens, throw upon the standards, the traditions, the quality, of the intellectual life of an American artist in 1786! And then follows almost the only æsthetic generalization in the book, the only instance in which Trumbull records having held commerce with an æsthetic or intellectual idea: "The reflection here occurs to me," he remarks, "that there is in nature, in the laws of optics, an insurmountable difficulty in rendering a large work equal to a small. In small, the eye is near its object, and without change of place can compare the parts with the whole. Not so in large—while at work, the eye must be almost equally near the surface, but can form no judgment of the relation of the parts to the whole, without removing to a distance. I am not certain that I am right, but at present I believe the theory." Not very interesting, hardly important or suggestive; but at least probing a little more deeply into general principles than Trumbull does in the only other place in which I can find or remember his implication or use of the word "beauty". This other place occurs in a delightful discussion with Rufus King on the subject of military dress, and particularly as to the æsthetic merits of the long hair then worn by soldiers.

After discussing the practical objections to the long hair of the military— "in cold and stormy weather it becomes wet, and being once in that condition, must remain so for days, perhaps for weeks, like a soaked sponge at the back of the neck . . . loading the nerves at their very source with a cold, noisome humidity",—Trumbull proceeds to its æsthetic aspects: "I appeal," he declares, "from the arbitrary and fickle laws of modern fashions, which sometimes require us to wear huge clubs, sometimes little pigtails,—I appeal from all this nonsense to the example of the ancient Greeks and Romans, who were good

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judges both of war and of manly beauty. Among their statues and bas-reliefs are many figures of their heroes and demi-gods, but no example of a long-haired hero. . . . Notwithstanding that most of the young officers of the army, many of the soldiers, and all the sweethearts of both, may think me ridiculous, I have no hesitation to say, that I regard very short hair as indispensable to the comfort, health, and elegance of troops. . . . With short hair, I will not object to powder, because very little will be necessary; it can be applied in a moment."

The "chasteness" and "correctness" of Rubens; the elegance of short hair for soldiers—slight traffic between an artist and the mental stuff of his proper world, you will say. But it was typical of eighteenth century America, the newly born political infant that had so lately been an English colony.

It is a long jump from Trumbull to the meditations of Thoreau, with their intellectual abundance—a long jump, though not in time, for Thoreau was twenty-three when Trumbull died. When Thoreau died, William James was twenty; and in James we have almost the first conspicuous instance of an American letter-writer whose absorbing, exclusive preoccupation was the contemplation and examination and discussion of the adventures of the mind (and if no one rises to object, his brother Henry makes it a pair; though the case for Henry's literary and intellectual Americanism is not well buttressed).

We can think of no collection of letters so worthy to be ranked with those of James—for richness and pungency of intellectual content, for sustained preoccupation with ideas—as those of James Huneker that have just appeared, a year after his death.

Huneker wrote torrentially: as critic and reviewer for newspapers and magazines, as the author of remarkable books about painters, poets, musicians, dramatists—the best of them filled with a painstaking scholarship. For let no one fancy that Huneker was a mere promenader among the arts, brilliantly content with his responses and signalizations. His best work is loaded with the fruits of an earnest and wide-ranging and undismayed exploration of almost the whole field of æsthetics and philosophy. His *Chopin* has a Teutonic exactness and plentitude of detail; he loved music so (he confesses in one of his letters), that

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his love embraced even "the dry bones of pedagogy". Under the flashing and debonnaire play of his critical loves and hates was a firm substratum of knowledge and science; and his background was long and well-stored. "I loathe being called 'clever' and 'brilliant'," he wrote to H. E. Krehbiel. "I'm neither—I work too seriously for the one and I'm too old for the other."

It is the scope and alertness and abundance of his sympathies and responses that make his recorded experiences so valuable. What other American critic or prose-man of his time can one think of whose interests ranged over so large a field? "We are here in the center of old Paris [he wrote to Mr. W. C. Brownell in 1912] facing the National Library, at the Louvre twice a day and boring ourselves generally with a noisy, dirty, vulgar, yet marvelously beautiful city. On the boulevards I curse this abode of bandits and beggars; in the Bois I bless it. I suppose after two weeks in Holland the change is too great. We loitered in rainy Rotterdam, Amsterdam, moss-grown Delft, La Haye and Haarlem. Again I threw up my hands in despair: Hals! Rembrandt! Vermeer!—and the last is not least. The two new Vermeers (collection *Mynheer Six*) at the Rijks are something extraordinary; not the Vermeer of the hard, miniature-like finish, but bold, loose, and big and sonorous coloring—such blues and reds—and such human tenderness. Chardin at his best—and yesterday I again saw '*La Pourvoyeuse*', which is Vermeer in feeling—does not approach Vermeer. I'm going to do a study of the thirty-five known canvases. (The Morgan *Letter* at the Metropolitan Museum, and Widener's *Lady Weighing Pearls* in Philadelphia are *not* on the list, horrible to relate!) And in Amsterdam I went —as last—to the Italian Futurist show, which is slowly making its way round the globe. . . . Enclosed is a picture from the Dutch catalogue which is supposed to depict the sensations—optical and purely subjective—of the painter Carrà at a street row over the burial of the anarchist Galli—police and students are banging each other with canes and staves, and banners are whirling every way. It is full of primitive ferocity and enormous rhythmic energy; it is certainly the most striking picture in the gallery, as I think. The color ranges from an arsenical green to a stove pipe sooty black. There is talent in the five painters.

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But they are 'literary', 'musical' painters, not painters for the sake of pictorial loveliness. I need hardly tell you that the Flemish Primitives enthralled me as ever at Brussels and Antwerp. For me they are thrice as emotional as the Italians of the same period. We go to London next week (sick of travel already), thence to Stuttgart, Oct. 21st for 10 days, to the Richard Strauss festival, then to Munich—where I interview Liebermann and write a story of modern German art; Vienna for *The Century*, Prague for *Scribner's* (I hope), Dresden—rest and Pilsner beer, plans for a new book, God knows what else!"

Vermeer—the Italian "Futurists"—the Flemish Primitives—Richard Strauss: it was only a small corner of his æsthetic world, but how much it implies! He was esteemed as a discoverer and celebrant of new men, fresh innovations; yet his humor and his salty wisdom helped him to keep his feet on the solid earth. "Don't buy any more pictures—don't buy crude American art or Cubist junk," he cautions John Quinn, the connoisseur and collector. "This new crowd is already ancient. Buy a few *great* pictures and sculptures—like the Puvis, or the A. Johns or the A. Davies; don't tolerate rot because it is signed '1916'. Remember, all these petty revolutions, interesting, even significant at times, will never even deflect for a moment the broad current of eternal art. It's so in music and literature; it's so in art. There *is* a norm, and these young chaps may fume and sputter, but back to it they must revert else rot and drop from the parent trunk. . . . A good picture is as good in 1920 as the day it was painted, say 1900. I don't believe in schools or movements. There are only painters with talent. All the rest is ornament or superfluous."

Buoyant, brave, delightful, letters; large-hearted, large-minded, Steeplejack, you must exclaim to yourself as you put them down. Nowhere in them (and there are 300 printed pages of letters, 254 separate epistles) is there a querulous, a mean-spirited, a sharp-edged word. For all his semi-jocose complaints of illness, of overwork (and he was truly, as he said, "a mere pen chained to an inkwell, compelled to write sometimes 10,000 words a day), he was unflaggingly sweet-spirited, spiritually valiant. And his intellectual comradeship, his generosity to his younger colleagues, was

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inexhaustible. At a time when he was well-nigh killing himself with overwork, he could pause to write a letter of advice and encouragement to a youthful confrère who had sent him a piece of manuscript fiction for his criticism—nor was the letter he wrote in reply a scamped or perfunctory one. He had full stores from which to give, and he gave of them without stint—and without condescension. The charm, the magnetism, the sympathy of the man, never failed.

As an artist (for he was essentially that) he gave a concise and amusing revelation of himself in the note that he sent in reply to Mr. Frank J. Wilstach, when that unwearying collector of similes took him to task for writing "not as good as" instead of "not so good as":

"Of course, you are only tone-deaf; . . . so why fight nature? Your ear fails in prose, else you would not speak of *as—as*, which usage years ago decreed to be correct. *So*, in some instances, is O.K.; but the hissing aspirate, *so—so*—whew! Where's your ear? Prose is like music; every word, every letter, must be placed for sound, color, nuance. Grammar must go by the board if it interferes with cadence—I am talking now of artistic, musical prose, not of newspaper sawdust. As for grammar, it was made for imbeciles and schoolmarms."

"Prose is like music. . . ." He tried to have it so, all his life, and often he succeeded. His prime achievement was to make all those who read him ashamed of not responding as quickly, as warmly, as he did to beauty and courage in the adventures of the mind.

And the beauty and courage that he loved to find, and welcomed with joyous shouts, in music and books and plays, had their spiritual analogue, their deep subjective springs, within himself.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

ROUNDLY denounced by both parties to the controversy, and in some details extravagant in expression, the Attorney-General's opinion in the matter of applying the prohibition enforcement act to merchant vessels stands in the main approved by international law as well as by American law and practice. The Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act being what they are, their provisions must apply to ships within our territorial waters precisely the same as to hotels or other buildings on our land. They must also apply to foreign vessels in our waters just as they do to alien persons domiciled temporarily in this country; there being no principle of international law more consistently maintained by our Government than that. They apply to American vessels when on the high seas as much as when in our coast waters, because the jurisdiction of a government accompanies its ships on the high seas wherever they may go. Conversely, of course, they cannot possibly apply to foreign vessels outside the three mile limit,—despite the impudent pretension which some tried to make to the contrary,—because on the high seas those vessels—like our own—are solely under the jurisdiction of their respective governments. Note, too, that just as we can forbid foreign vessels to carry alcoholic beverages in our waters, so a foreign country can, if it pleases, enforce any of its laws upon our shipping in its ports. Thus, certain European countries require ships under their flags to supply their crews with vinous beverages; and they could require our vessels to do the same when in their waters. The possibilities of embarrassing international complications under a logical application of the existing law are almost unlimited, and afford an impressive object lesson in the evils of ill-considered, slapdash legislation, producing results which no sane man intended or desired.

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Apart from the disinterested neighborly interest—if I may perpetrate the paradox—which Americans naturally feel in the character and doings of the British Government, two features of the recent Ministerial crisis and appeal to the country especially command attention. One is the gratifying circumstance that the change of government did not in any respect impair the cordial relations between the United Kingdom and the United States; and indeed that no conceivable further change would be likely to do so. Memory has to reach far back to find a time when friendliness or unfriendliness toward America was a party issue in British politics, and the return of such a time has no place in future anticipations. The other feature is the extraordinary flexibility of the British system and its quick response to popular sentiment, as contrasted with ours. No matter how much our Executive may lose the confidence of Congress and of the country, it is immovable until four years have elapsed; while in Great Britain it may be turned out and replaced by another in an hour. Moreover, when we elect a new Congress, it is ordinarily thirteen months, and at earliest four months, before it can begin the work for which it is summoned; while in Great Britain a new House of Commons may be at work within a week after its election. Each system has its advantages, and each its disadvantages; and it may be that each has something of profit to learn from the other.

The strenuous doings of the Fascisti in Italy must be deplored in so far as they exalt violence or menace of violence above legal and constitutional methods; which is, of course, something equally to be said of any other political or social agitation. Within proper limits, however, the movement may be regarded with equanimity, if not with actual sympathy. It is passing strange that people generally concede the entire propriety of Radical agitation and propaganda, even though they may not agree with it, and protest against any repression of it as tyranny; while upon any Conservative movement they look askant and are inclined to condemn it as a disgraceful thing. "Clear your mind of cant." One man has as good a right to be a Conservative as another has to be a Radical. The Fascisti have as good a right to organize, to conduct propaganda, and to gain control of the Government of

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Italy, as have the Socialists and Bolshevists whom they oppose. So far as Americans know of them, their chief objects appear to be to develop nationality and to promote conservative but constructive government instead of the radical destructiveness for which the Socialists were lately clamoring. If that be a fair estimate of them, their dominance in Italian politics may be of great good.

Nothing could be said that would be more pertinent to the centenary of Louis Pasteur, or more accurately descriptive of the essential qualities of that illustrious man, than what, writing on an entirely different subject, Professor Vernon Kellogg says in another part of this REVIEW; to wit, that if one is not a man of vision "he will never be a great scientist", and again: "Ideal in aim, but realist in method." Pasteur was supremely, perhaps above all other scientists of his age, a man of vision; his opponents called him visionary, an impractical dreamer of impossible dreams; and not in spite of that fact but, as Professor Kellogg suggests, because of it, or at least in accord with it, he became indisputably one of the very greatest scientists of the nineteenth century. It might not be extravagant to reckon him the greatest of all, because his achievements had to do with the science of human life, which we must surely esteem the highest of all sciences. It would be difficult to imagine a man more ideal in aim than he; aiming at the elimination of all zymotic and probably all communicable diseases of any kind from the world. It would be not merely difficult but impossible for anybody to be more realist in method. His conceptions were like those of a spiritual creator; his working out of them vied in practicality and thoroughness with the inexorable processes of nature. In one supreme respect his work was—I write with all possible reverence —like unto that of the Creator of the universe; namely, its unity or at least harmony of design. He began as a chemist, dealing with what we may call the mechanics of chemistry; he became a biologist, at once denying most effectively the chemical origin of life and no less effectively demonstrating the commanding influence of life upon chemistry; and while showing forth as few others have ever done the almost incomprehensible wonders of

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the material world, he was ever the most resolute and devout of believers in the spiritual world. There is no department of human philosophy which may not fittingly and gratefully pay tribute to his fame.

Unpleasant as it is, and regrettable as it is that it should ever have been made a subject of controversy, the question of the Allied war debts to America has been exploited and will doubtless irrepressibly continue to be debated for a long time to come. Probably historians centuries hence will devote much space to it and to discussing whether America should or should not have insisted upon payment. The most anomalous feature of it today is this, that some who insist that we entered the war through purely altruistic motives, for humanity's sake and to "make the world safe for democracy",—if the phrase has not been used *ad nauseam*,—are most insistent upon our collecting every cent, with interest; while some who maintain, as President Wilson did at the time, that we entered the war because of Germany's attacks and outrages upon us and her menace to us, are most in favor of cancelling the debts. Amid such incongruities, anyone is entitled to take any view that pleases him, without fear and without reproach.

There could scarcely be a more inappropriate time than this for a revival of religious bigotry, yet something unpleasantly like it appears to be mildly fermenting in the ecclesiastical world. Recently four somewhat prominent clergymen, connected with four leading Christian denominations, have been more or less severely taken to task by church authorities for alleged unsoundness in doctrine. A generation ago there would have been heresy hunts and ecclesiastical trials and excommunications. In the present cases there will probably be no such going to extremes, but the restraint will be due more to fear than to tolerance. One may well be at a loss to know which to regard with the greater wonder, that churches professing to stand upon the ground of the freedom of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience should condemn the exercise of that freedom by their own clergy, or that men of intelligence,

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independence and sincerity should wish to remain in organizations to whose more or less fundamental beliefs they cannot subscribe. Amid all the talk about realignment of political parties there seems to be at least equal occasion for a realignment of churches. If all the clergy and all the communicants should withdraw from the organizations in which they do not, in their hearts, believe, and enter those in which they do believe, or if necessary form new ones in accordance with their beliefs, the next religious census would show some considerable changes.

In not the largest aspect of his remarkable career, Lyman Abbott presented strong confirmation of the belief that even in a stern democracy there is "something in family blood". His father and two uncles were among the most prominent popular writers and teachers of their age, and he and his three brothers all rose to eminence. In a larger aspect he was a noteworthy exponent of popular culture in both intellectual and spiritual affairs, and of perhaps what is the most useful type of public teacher. He had in religion, ethics and sociology that fine gift which John Tyndall so highly developed in the stricter realm of science—of popularizing without vulgarizing or weakening the things which he had to teach. Few men so successfully pursued—without at all seeking it—the line of least resistance, or exerted so much guiding influence while incurring so little antagonism. He would never have compromised one iota of the faith that was in him for the sake of avoiding opposition or criticism; but through intuition, or inspiration, he found the course which not only seemed right to him but which also he was able to persuade others to regard as right.

Another noteworthy exemplar of puissant heredity was Thomas Nelson Page, whose name recalls more than half a dozen kinsmen of former generations who were of national consequence. From them he received not only his intellectual vigor and his robust Americanism, but also the distinction and charm of personality which made him one of the best loved writers of his time. He will be remembered, above all else, for three things: For his unsurpassed portrayal of the real life of the Old Dominion before

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and during the Civil War; for his sane and convincing influence for both political and spiritual reunion of the nation; and for his singularly unpretentious but none the less invaluable services as a diplomat during and after the World War. It would be a sad day for American literature when *Marse Chan*, *Meh Lady* and *Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin'* were not esteemed as classics. It will be an auspicious day for American patriotism when his spirit of nationality rather than sectionalism universally prevails. There will be, we may trust, another instructive chapter added to the history of America in the World War when there is posthumously disclosed the story of his labors abroad for American interests and American honor, too often in spite of and in conflict with the Administration whose commission he bore.

Main Street has its seamy side as well as Broadway. That is the principal moral of the noisome New Jersey murder case which has for weeks commanded metropolitan and largely national interest. Its revelations have shown small city or town life to be marked with the same vices and crimes, the same sordidness and uncleanness, that rural folk are wont to charge against the largest cities. Perhaps we may add that they have shown a similarity between small place and large place in respect to the difficulty of detecting criminals and also to the fondness for exploitation of scandalous crimes. The police force of the largest city could not have blundered more or delayed more in apprehending a criminal than did the officers and detectives concerned in this case. City life, either fashionable or slum-contained, could have presented no more scandalous episodes than this. Nor would it have been easy for a double murder in the heart of the largest city to attract more attention or to hold it longer than this in a semi-rural community. Kipling's remark about "the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady" expresses a profound truth, applicable to all mankind. All are, in the last analysis, at least potentially alike.

Current statistics show that while on the one hand mortality from "natural causes", to wit, diseases, is steadily decreasing, that from "preventable causes", to wit, accidents and homi-

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cides, is steadily and much more rapidly increasing. Thus deaths from highway accidents, chiefly with automobiles, are this year in the United States twenty-five per cent more numerous than last year, and will probably total 15,000 against 12,000 in 1921. It is a strange reflection that we can control tuberculosis more effectively than we can reckless driving. More people are killed by automobiles than by typhoid fever, or by diphtheria and croup, while if small pox killed one-tenth as many as do automobiles, there would be a nation-wide panic. But of course it is only another illustration of the supreme potency, for evil as well as for good, of the human will; and of the supreme difficulty of controlling it. Another phase of the same principle is suggested by the declaration of an eminent authority, Dr. Carpena, of the University of Madrid, repeated by many others, that criminals have the skulls of cave men, and are merely undeveloped in intellect. That is doubtless true in many cases, but it is doubtless untrue in many. If it were universally true, then all men of full cranial development would be moral and law-abiding; which unhappily we know not to be the case. The will to do evil exists in some of the greatest intellects, while some with only a rudimentary cerebral development are models of virtue and benevolence. Strive to dodge it as some may, the fact abides that the intellectual and moral faculties of man are distinct and separate, and the one need cultivation as much as the other, for the good of the individual and of society.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE WRECK OF EUROPE. By Francesco Nitti. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The broadest lesson of the Peace—and of the years following the Peace—seems to have been simply this: that the common conception of ethics has clashed with facts. The chief wrong-doer ought to be adequately punished—that seemed plain in 1918. There was a general disposition to concede whatever was demanded by the state of public feeling in France. "*Je supplie le conseil de se mettre dans l'esprit de la population française,*" Clemenceau is said to have pleaded repeatedly. (I beg the council to put itself into the state of mind of the French people.) "It was a moral concession, a moral satisfaction," observes the former Premier of Italy, "that was demanded."

But just what is meant by justice and morality in international affairs? The concessions and satisfactions required by France appear to have been punitive and to have had their origin in a perfectly natural distrust regarding the future. "In the mad struggle to break up Germany, there was involved not only hatred," writes Francesco Nitti, "but also a quite reasonable anxiety which, after all, must be taken into account." Yet this effort has had consequences economic, social, and political, which are in effect moral consequences, and these have reacted upon the victors: popular ethics has clashed with the facts.

Perhaps nothing could be more disastrous to the individual, as he views his own conduct, than the doctrine that he is not responsible for his own acts, or only in a small measure responsible for them, and that it is folly to try to make a punishment retributively adequate to the offense. The same truth holds in regard to those who assume responsibility for the guidance of a nation's destinies. Full assumption of responsibility, frank acknowledgment of guilt and honest willingness to abide by the consequences of one's own acts —these are the only tolerable *subjective* attitudes on the part of a man or a state. But when one views the case *objectively*, one cannot avoid seeing that, in fact, no human punishment can be made adequate to the crime, and that the effort to make it so involves the judge and the jury in the crime of the criminal—so it would be if the law inflicted torture for even the most fiendish offense. And one cannot help seeing that the individual wrong-doer—man or nation—shares responsibility for his wrong-doing with a whole social or political order. For the guilty party to think thus, is to think immorally and to endanger his own soul. For the injured party to think thus, is wisdom and mercy.

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Our congenital inability to see both sides of this paradox *at once*, our disposition to waver uncertainly between the subjective and the objective view, to argue and to quarrel, like the two knights in the old story who saw opposite sides of the same shield—this weakness is what precipitates us into those moral controversies which are the bitterest, the most irreconcilable, and the most harmful of all struggles. If we could perceive both aspects of the truth at the same moment, or at moments so closely successive as to form parts of the same "specious present", then perhaps we should realize the practical significance of the Christian doctrine of non-resistance to evil, and should understand that the magnanimity of a Julius Cæsar was not merely "policy", but ethics.

All this seems to be the preaching of the facts, and never did facts preach more eloquently to a distracted world. Ex-Premier Nitti, the bluntest though not the most savage critic of the Peace, is their best exponent.

"The Peace Treaty as outlined by Wilson," writes Signor Nitti, "would really have brought about a just peace;" but successive concessions destroyed its very foundation. The solemn pledges which more than any other cause destroyed the morale of the enemy and made peace possible were practically all nullified. The disarmament of the conquered without corresponding action on the part of the conquerors; the partition of Europe into political units corresponding neither to real racial affinities nor to economic needs; the demanding of huge and impossible indemnities; the creation of a Poland which, in the event of the eventual recovery of Germany and of Russia,—a recovery to be hoped for by any but a professed cynic,—will become a political impossibility; the failure to admit ex-enemy states into the League of Nations; the clause in the constitution of the League which provides that decisions are binding only when reached by unanimous consent, and that which pledges the members of the League to preserve existing territorial and political arrangements, clauses which transform the League into "an instrument of aggression for the victors"—these are some of the anomalies of the Peace upon which the author dwells with realism and with analytical patience.

The truth appears to be that not one of the countries of Europe which took part in the war is to-day so well off as it was at the time of the armistice. And the remedy is, in brief, the undoing of a large part of what has been done. One cannot simply amputate Germany, like a diseased limb. One cannot, without loss, merely isolate Russia as a plague spot destined to perish in its corruption, like a colony of economic lepers. These countries are part of the economic and social whole which is Europe, and their sickness or health affects the condition of the whole organism.

Perhaps the most ironic comment that has been made upon the Peace is Signor Nitti's simple statement of the "sophisms" seriously discussed at the Paris Conference; to wit—

1. That it is not important to know what Germany can pay, but it is sufficient to know what she ought to pay.

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2. That no one can foresee what immense resources Germany will develop within thirty or forty years, and what Germany will not be able to pay will be paid by the Allies.

3. That Germany, under the stimulus of a military occupation, will increase her production in an unheard-of manner.

4. The obligation arising from the treaty is an absolute one; the capacity to pay can only be taken into consideration to establish the number and amount of the annual payments; the total must in any case be paid within thirty years or more.

5. *Elle ou nous.* Germany must pay; if she doesn't, the Allies must pay. It is not necessary that Germany free herself by a certain date; it is only necessary that she pay all.

6. Germany has not to discuss, only to pay. Let time illustrate what is at present unforeseeable, etc., etc.

The first of these contentions, in particular, was opposed by the American commissioners.

THE INTERNATIONAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHINA. By Sun Yat-sen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Dr. Sun, who is now president of the Republic of Southern China,—one of the two loose political groups into which that country has been unhappily divided,—has been called a theorist and a dreamer. The present volume, with its pretentious programmes, its painstaking consideration of details that are parts of speculative plans, and its slight emphasis upon political or economic feasibility, does nothing to counteract this impression.

Foreign nations scarcely need to be reminded of the immense opportunity for exploitation that China affords, of her enormous natural resources and of her swarming population, affording an ideal market for the world's surplus goods. It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the enhanced importance of the problem of finding markets since the war. So far as the fundamental economic facts are concerned, Dr. Sun's grandiose schemes seem to rest upon a tolerably firm basis. But the schemes themselves are such as could scarcely have entered into the head of the Russian Czar or of the Japanese Imperial Government in their most sanguine moments. Here we have pages and pages of city-building, railroad-construction, building of harbors and canals—the complete reconstruction of China, in short, according to the specifications of an architect who has been told that "money is no object", and who feels at complete liberty to indulge his fancies.

How can these things be? Dr. Sun calmly prophesies a new industrial revolution even more momentous than that which followed the introduction of machinery. "China will not only be the 'Dumping Ground' for foreign goods, but actually will be the 'Economic Ocean' capable of absorbing all the surplus capital as quickly as the Industrial Nations can possibly produce by the coming Industrial Revolution of Nationalized Productive Machinery. Then there will be no more competition and commercial struggles in China as well as in the world." Thus, there will be no difficulty whatever in making Tientsin a port as large and as important as New York. The conclusion follows from the premises, "as the night the day"; yet perhaps no one but

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Dr. Sun would have the courage to assume the coming of the millennium as one of the conditions of the argument. If one still doubts, one may receive practical assurances. "Fortunately, soon after the preliminary part of my programmes had been sent out to the different governments and the Peace Conference, a new consortium was formed for the purpose of assisting China in developing her natural resources. This was initiated by the American Government. Thus we need not fear the lack of capital to start work in our industrial development."

"In this International Development Scheme," writes Dr. Sun, in conclusion, "I venture to present a practical solution for the three great world questions, which are the International War, the Commercial War, and the Class War. As it has been discovered by post-Darwin philosophers that the primary force of human evolution is co-operation and not struggle, as that of the animal world, so the fighting nature, a residue from the animal instinct in man, must be eliminated from man, the sooner the better." All of which is, no doubt, sound philosophy, but appears to afford a somewhat doctrinaire basis for Dr. Sun's intensely practical proposals.

It is difficult to resist the suggestion that Dr. Sun, sensible of the weakness of the government of which he is the titular head and fearing the consequences of continued political division in China, is simply trying to make the strongest possible bid for foreign support, and is at the same time endeavoring to impress the Chinese people with the magnificence of the future as he conceives it.

Sir Edward Cook, K. B. E. A Biography by J. Saxon Mills, M. A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

Mr. Mills has produced an excellent piece of biographical writing, of which the only real fault is that, in conformity with Sir Edward Cook's own uncompromising standards for biography, it treats its subject with rather too much reserve and with rather too strict a regard for the principle of unity.

Sir Edward Cook made his mark, first, as editor of the old *Pall Mall Gazette*, of which journal he took charge on January 1, 1890, after the resignation of W. T. Stead—that remarkable man, whose alternating phases of genius and of mere idiosyncrasy the biographer has succeeded in representing with an acuteness and a justice that must have satisfied Cook himself. The sale of the "*P. M. G.*," two years later, to William Waldorf Astor terminated Cook's connection with a periodical which he had made a model of the best in modern journalism. Shortly afterward, Sir Edward became editor of *The Westminster Gazette*—a periodical which he built up *ab initio* and for which he created an enviable reputation. When, however, he left *The Westminster* to assume editorial charge of *The Daily News*, the change was felt to be an advancement. The end of Cook's work on *The Daily News*, like the severance of his connection with *The Pall Mall Gazette*, came like a bolt from the blue, when in

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December, 1900, arrangements were completed for selling the former paper to a pro-Boer syndicate—an event which made impossible the continuance as editor of one who had been chiefly distinguished for his firm, though moderate, advocacy of Liberal Imperialism. Thereafter, for several years, Cook was a leader-writer on *The Daily Chronicle*, a mere subordinate. One can only wonder at the fate which condemned a man of so much ability, influence, and judgment to a relatively obscure position. Apart from journalism, Cook's literary labors—especially his monumental edition of Ruskin—entitle him to a high place.

The story is chiefly that of an independent conscience and intellect at work among the conditions of actual politics. Accepting the practical necessity and value of moderate partisanship, Cook stressed always the superior value of independent support. His letter to Mr. Arnold Morley, one of the proprietors of *The Daily News*, who had urged him to cater to the views of extreme Non-Conformists, is a masterly lesson in sound journalism. Several times he made extreme personal sacrifices in the cause of principle. The testimony of all who knew him declares the soundness and independence of his judgment. Never tolerating dulness in a newspaper for which he was responsible, he consistently resisted the drift toward sensationalism. By nature quite as much a statesman as a journalist, he was at one time almost an unofficial Foreign Secretary.

Mr. Mills has given us some choice anecdotes and character sketches in connection with his central narrative; Cook's own diary being replete with very expressive thumb-nail sketches of his contemporaries. The story is particularly full in its references to W. E. Gladstone, to Lord Randolph Churchill, and to Ruskin. Concerning the last of these there is an anecdote that deserves to be preserved in amber. This is Ruskin's plaint about the modern circus. "The first thing I did at Folkestone," he said, "was to go to Sanger's Circus, but there wasn't half enough clown. And the elephants were shown off too much: the real charm in an elephant is to watch his native sagacity. And the chariot race was terrible—the vulgarization of the noblest thing, I suppose, in Greece." Perhaps nothing more characteristic has ever been told.

But while the narrative is rewarding in its slight divergences from the straight path of biography, one wishes that the author had given more of Cook's setting and had treated more fully the political history of the time. It is one's impression that the book might with advantage have been amplified by about one-third.

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By William Roscoe Thayer. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The peculiar value of Mr. Thayer's biography of Washington arises principally from one cause—that Mr. Thayer has correctly estimated the difficulty

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of his task as that of portraying a character more or less inscrutable in its strength, its calm, and its poise. Undoubtedly it is character rather than intellectual genius with which one has to do in studying Washington. Yet this fact does not simplify the problems; for the boundaries separating "mind" from "character" are so intangible and theoretic that no sharp distinction can be made. The fact remains that the Washington who wrote the farewell address and who swore at Lee at Monmouth, who animated his fainting soldiers to endurance at Valley Forge and at the same time criticized Congress in terms which in another man might be called cynical, was always and everywhere a manifestation of character. It is the great merit of this biography that the reader is continually brought, as it were, into the presence of this great personality.

As a political narrative, Mr. Thayer's book lacks much of completeness. As an account of military operations and of diplomatic negotiations it is designedly thin. Even in the depiction of Washington's contemporaries, Mr. Thayer, masterly portrait artist as he is, does not notably excel others who have treated of the same period. All is carefully subordinated to the great figure of Washington; all brilliancies are studiously toned down to suit the sober grandeur of the central theme. But the portrait of Washington is a portrait indeed! It is a picture, not photographic but interpretative, a picture lacking the artificial smile of the later paintings or the studied majesty of the equestrian pose. Unquestionably Mr. Thayer, without resorting to the soulless methods of mere historical dissection, has in large measure counteracted the evil influence of the Reverend Mason L. Weems, and has revealed not merely to the reason but also to the imagination of his readers the true Washington as known to his contemporaries. The inexplicable part of the great man's character, the quality that made even casual acquaintances feel as if they were in the presence of a superior being, is all the more impressive when the myths have been made to vanish. Mr. Thayer has presented his readers with that rare thing, an ideal set forth without the sentimentality of hero worship or the exaggerations of rhetoric.

THE ALTAR STEPS. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: George Doran Company.

Mr. Mackenzie's new novel is so much the most interesting study of certain aspects of religious experience that has been written either in fiction or otherwise within recent years, that one hesitates to lay stress upon its somewhat obvious shortcomings as a story. The narrative is, in the first place, merely a sort of prologue—"the prelude to *The Parson's Progress*", says the dedication; and it appears to suffer from the lack of force incidental to incompleteness. The novel, again, is constructed upon the Victorian plan, beginning with origins and proceeding deliberately, and without much drama until the problems of middle life arise and have to be met. The disposition of

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many English writers to dwell disproportionately, as it seems, upon childish experiences, and especially to write in a somewhat ambiguous vein about schooldays, is here evident enough. There is something almost dutiful in the manner in which most British novelists relate schoolboy stupidities and conscientiously testify to the schoolboy loathing for head-masters. One cannot altogether acquit Mr. Mackenzie, moreover, of the charge of treating manifestations of immaturity with what at times seems undeserved solemnity, at times incongruous humor. All this from the American point of view, which doubtless, in the estimate of a British novel should not take precedence altogether of the British point of view!

But apart from all this, the story has one extraordinary merit. It combines with an attitude of sympathy and even of devoutness a shrewdly realistic and critical spirit, an ability to see all sides of a complicated question, a subtlety that distinguishes in just the right way between church and faith, between personality and conviction. No other book that one knows of maintains so effectively what one may call, without intentional irreverence, the glamour of religion, while it analyzes religious manifestations and clerical organizations with the acuteness of a skeptic and with an astringent but unscoffing humor such as few skeptics can command. One does not really know whether the author's viewpoint is scientific or religious, evangelical or the reverse. And one does not really want to know. Mr. Mackenzie has successfully suppressed any too definite expression of his own personality. His attitude is humane and historical.

The novel is not powerful, its slight drama being weak and thin, and turning largely upon the breaking up of a love match through a conflict between extreme religiosity and a kind of madness of denial (not certainly any more sane), with a grotesque death by accident at the end of this melodramatic episode. But the novel is irresistibly fascinating. One becomes discontented, resolves to read no more of it, but does read it to the end.

THE RUSSIAN TURMOIL. By General A. I. Denikin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

So far as the general causes and conditions of the Russian Revolution are concerned, the reader of General Denikin's book will get little light: the Russian Turmoil remains a turmoil indeed. Obviously, to be a Russian and to be in the midst of events is not enough to enable one to understand this vast confusion. The author seems to be as much puzzled as an outsider might be at the collapse of Russian patriotism, at the débâcle of Russian religiosity—previously devout peasants becoming capable of the vilest sacrilege. Political motives—if there were any—are not made to appear rational. Despair and caprice seem to reign everywhere. A Russian commander on one of the fighting fronts, having been requested, in common with others, to send to the Stavka his opinion as to what had best be done, telegraphed in all serious-

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ness that he believed that Russia was divinely predestined to perish; one had better make the sign of the cross and resign himself to the inevitable. The characters of the persons who figure in General Denikin's narrative are, with a few exceptions, about as understandable as the creatures of a dream. Who or what was Kerensky? He is no more intelligible than the Akhoond of Swat or the "Bong with the Luminous Nose". Statesman or charlatan, martyr or coward, he has been variously described, and still to Western eyes he appears an enigma.

There are, to be sure, certain outstanding facts which may be taken as explaining some of the broad features of the convulsion. The army, General Denikin tells us, was not, at the beginning of the revolution, on the verge of collapse. It had grave shortcomings, indeed, but its utter disintegration was the work of the Revolutionaries themselves. The "freest army in the world" was so cowardly and insubordinate that its officers longed to die. Yet this demoralization was not due to any racial degeneracy. Through nearly three years of struggle the old Russian army had endured greater suffering than any other forces in the war. Russia lost two and one half million in killed, Germany two million, the other nations individually much less. The breakdown was mental and political.

The Provisional Government could not control the situation, in the first place because it had delivered itself into the hands of the Soviet, the power of which institution it sadly underestimated, and, in the second place, because the masses were incapable of following the watchwords of the Revolutionary Democrats. The people were easily worked up to momentary enthusiasm, easily flattered, quickly stirred to a kind of sentimentalism; it is this characteristic that foreigners and even Russians themselves have mistakenly referred to as the great, generous, incalculable soul of Russia, out of which a new order was to come. But in the main the Russian laborer, peasant, or soldier, was ignorant and utterly materialistic and selfish. He listened to Kerensky's harangues, applauded, and then began to grumble as soon as anything was required of him.

Furthermore, the Soviet, which wielded the real power, was absurdly unrepresentative. General Denikin gives a table showing the political composition of the All-Russian Congress of Representatives of the Soviets convened in June, 1917. There is a group corresponding to every shade of Socialist opinion; but "the overwhelming masses of Non-Socialist Russia were not represented at all". Racially the representation appears to have been no more satisfactory. The first Presidium of the All-Russian Central Committee of the Soviets contained one Georgian, five Jews, one Armenian, one Pole, and one Russian, "if his name was not an assumed one." This minority did not rule; it merely strove to introduce anarchy—especially into the army.

All this is meagre enough. Plainly, there is much that General Denikin—a soldier, not a politician, and often at the front—did not and could not know.

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What his book is, mainly, is a striking picture of the most tremendous and widespread disintegration of morale that the world has ever seen. In its pages, well documented, filled with facts and poignant instances, and livid with the rhetoric of horror and despair, one sees the progress of a frightful disease affecting millions of men and reducing a once mighty organism to a corrupt mass.

"There was no Mother Country. The leader had been crucified. In his stead a group appeared at the Front of five Defensists and three Bolsheviks, and made an appeal to the Army:

" 'Forward, to battle for liberty and for the Revolution, but . . . without inflicting a decisive defeat upon the enemy!' cried the former.

" 'Down with the War and all power to the Proletariat!' shouted the others.

"The Army listened and listened, but would not move. And then . . . it dispersed!"

Set in a somewhat loose framework of political and military history, the real story, then, is that of the "democratization" of the Russian Army and of the demoralization of all Russia—the flower of its manhood was at the front—through propaganda, intrigue, and the manipulation of the press. How thorough-going was the process is evidenced by many striking episodes—the anarchy that broke out among the conservative Cossacks when their units returned from the front, the desperate attempt to reorganize the Army on racial lines, an attempt that laid the foundation of political separatism.

The significance of all this is not hard to see. If the average Russian, in his ignorance and political inexperience, in his materialism and his instinct for self-preservation (born of age-long oppression) could not see the need of discipline in the army, what could he know of political control? Here we have a most impressive phenomenon—a nation in arms fatuous enough to tolerate the idea of an army without effective discipline.

"There is a certain limit," writes General Denikin, "beyond which even baseness ceases to be simple baseness and becomes insanity." This is perhaps the most revealing comment in the whole book. Certainly in this idea of a baseness that becomes insanity, of an insanity that is indistinguishable from baseness, there is much philosophy.

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